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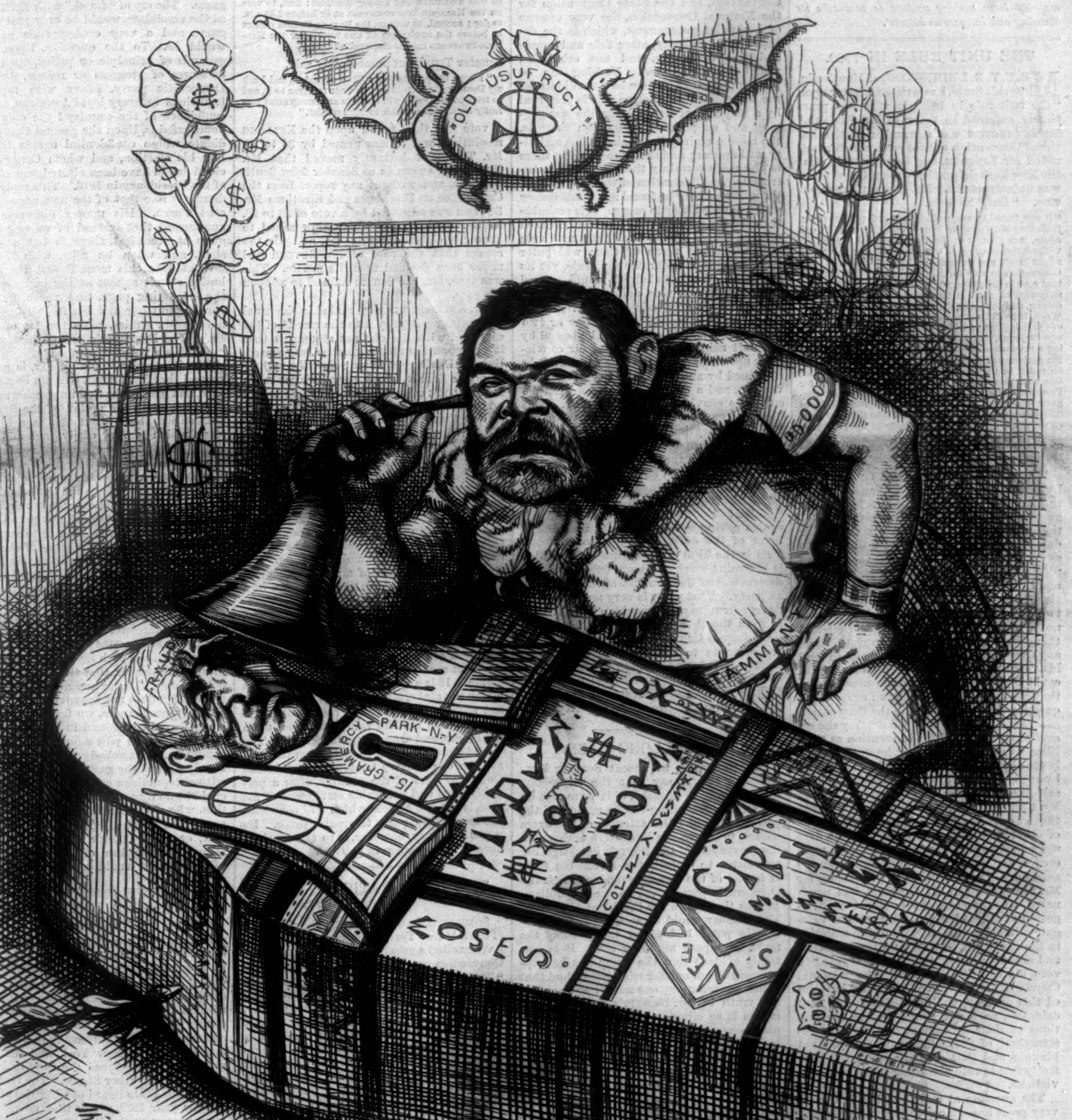
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"IT IS WHISPERED AGAIN THAT TILDEN HAS GIVEN IN."

The Hon. John Kelly. "*Louder!* Louder!! LOUDER!!!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 15, 1880.

"Harper's Young People has come to be the leading paper for juvenile readers."—*Troy Budget.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No. 27, published May 4, is full of interesting stories, sketches, and pictures. "Across the Ocean," one of the best sea stories ever printed, is continued; there is a thrilling story of a "Voyage on an Ice-Block"; an illustrated article about making maple sugar; a humorous letter from a land turtle; a delightful story called "Mother Goose's May Party," with an exquisite illustration by* Miss Jessie Curtis; *and many other things attractive to young readers.* Harper's Young People, *successful from the beginning, has steadily grown in favor with parents and children, and its conductors will leave nothing undone to maintain its standing and increase its interest.*

THE UNIT RULE IN 1860.

Mr. C. V. R. LUDINGTON, of Monticello, in this State, has written a letter upon "the unit rule in 1860; how it was practically enforced in favor of Mr. Seward." Mr. Ludington was a member of the National Convention of that year, which nominated Mr. Lincoln, and he says truly that the New York delegation to that Convention was uninstructed for Mr. Seward's nomination. "But," he adds,

> "it was feared by some of his most ardent supporters, including Mr. Thurlow Weed, who, though not a delegate, was present at the Convention, that possibly, without the adoption of some unit rule, the delegation might break, and some of the delegates refuse in open Convention to vote for Mr. Seward. I well recollect that certain delegates, whose names I could give, were suspected of such an intention. To avoid all such danger, and to secure a solid vote for Mr. Seward, Mr. Weed, if he did not propose, certainly urged, a caucus of the delegates, at which every person not a delegate was excluded, except himself, for the purpose of passing a resolution instructing Mr. William M. Evarts, the chairman of our delegation, when our State should be called in the Convention, to cast a solid vote for Governor Seward as the choice of New York for President. The resolution was opposed by many delegates with great warmth, and even bitterness. It was denounced as a gag, as a violation of the rights of local constituencies, etc. The great body of the delegates, however, supported it, and it passed by a large majority, and the seventy votes of New York were cast for Mr. Seward, as provided by the resolution."

We recall the circumstances which Mr. Ludington describes, and we can speak authoritatively for one at least of the delegates who opposed in the caucus the resolution of instruction to Mr. Evarts. Other delegates who opposed it are quite able to speak for themselves. The one to whom we refer was a warm supporter of Mr. Seward, and intended to vote for him in the Convention, but he opposed the resolution upon two conclusive grounds: first, that he was not a representative of the delegation, and therefore his associates had no right, upon any theory of instruction, to attempt to bind his vote; and second, that if his associates could bind his vote upon the nomination, they could equally bind it upon every other question that might arise in the Convention—a proceeding which would destroy the essential character of the Convention as a deliberative body. Moreover, he stated frankly that he should not consider himself bound by any such resolution, and should hold himself free to vote for another candidate than Mr. Seward whenever he was convinced that he ought to do so. What the intention of other delegates may have been he does not know, but in pursuance of his own preference, and not of any instructions from his associates, his vote was cast with theirs for Mr. Seward until Mr. Lincoln was nominated. In the caucus of the New York delegation at Cincinnati in 1876 the same delegate alluded to this attempt of the majority in the caucus of 1860 to bind the minority, and asserted the right of every delegate "to vote his own sentiments." The National Convention, by a vote of 395 to 353, sustained this position, and decided not only that delegates were not bound by the instructions of their colleagues, but that the instructions of State Conventions were not binding, and that every delegate was perfectly free to vote according to his own convictions.

The question at issue—and it is one of very great importance to the welfare of the Republican party—was well stated by Mr. Eugene Hale in the Cincinnati Convention of 1876, which nominated President Hayes. Mr. Hale had referred to the fact that the Chicago Convention of 1868, which nominated General Grant, had "overwhelmingly" sustained "the great principle of the individual right to be represented in that Convention." And he said that if that decision were reversed, "we do it by asserting that the Convention nominates, not by a majority of its delegates, but by the votes of its States controlled in caucuses." The Convention decided that the nomination should be made by the delegates, not by the caucuses.

Instructions and the unit rule are evidences of a profound distrust of the popular will of the party. They attempt arbitrarily to prevent dissent and a true representation of the party opinion. If the sentiment of the party turns spontaneously to a candidate, that fact can be shown, and shown only, by a perfectly free expression. The unit rule and instructions are an effort to force a gag into the mouth of the minority, and are in themselves a confession that there is no spontaneous feeling or unanimous opinion. It is asserted that the majority ought to govern. Nobody denies it. But does it follow that the majority principle may not be abused and misapplied? If the majority of every primary should instruct its delegates to the District Convention and bind them by a unit rule to support certain candidates, and the District Convention should do the same for the State Convention, and the State Convention for the National Convention, the very essence of a popular government, which is the decision of a majority, after fair and ample and free discussion, and not otherwise, would be annihilated. Nothing can be plainer than that if there be a candidate for the Republican nomination who is preferred by a majority of Republicans, the less gagging and suppression of opinion there is, the more certainly the choice of the majority will appear; and the more gagging there is, the more certainly the party will be betrayed. An illustration of the absurdity of the unit rule may be found in a contingency which is very likely to occur. It is probable that the Chicago Convention will be called upon to decide whether delegates may vote independently. Some of them will enter the Convention under the unit rule, yet its operation, if acknowledged, would compel many of them to vote under coercion that they could not vote independently. And if the minority of delegates from one or two large States should consent to be bound by the unit rule to vote against their convictions upon this point, the unit rule might be sustained by an actual minority of the Convention, and a candidate be nominated despite the convictions of a majority. This identical game was attempted in the Cincinnati Convention of 1876. When the question was put upon sustaining the decision of the chairman that every delegate should vote independently, Mr. Don Cameron announced that the Pennsylvania delegation had decided to vote as a unit against the decision! But one of the Pennsylvania delegates asking to have his vote recorded in favor of the decision, it was so recorded. This is the kind of "machine" work which is becoming more and more oppressive and destructive of the principle of the Republican party. That party is very much more in danger from its own "machine" men than it is from the Democratic party. Let us, at least, have a Convention of free men. Every delegate to the National Convention ought to go determined to maintain the individual independence of the delegate as the only Republican and honest method of ascertaining the real desire of the majority of the party.

THE KELLOGG CASE.

In attempting to unseat Senator Kellogg, we should say that the Democrats were making a mistake, if it were not an act strictly according to the genius of the party. It is like the attempt of the extra session to coerce the Executive action, and the movement of the Potter investigating committee to disturb the Executive title. It is one of the strong weapons which the Democratic party gives to the Republican just as they begin the Presidential contest. The blunder would be amazing if the Democratic party had given the country the right to expect anything else. It is certainly evident that the party has had opportunities enough for wise action, and that it has thrown every one away; so that it is the truth of Mr. Hewitt's remark which makes it so stinging, that the Democratic party seems to have been intent upon proving its incapacity to govern. Its entire policy since the end of the rebellion has been a huge mistake. The public confidence which it had wholly lost in 1865 it has done nothing to recover. Its successes have been due, not to its own patriotism or to increased popular trust, but to the faults of its opponents; and its sole chance of carrying the election of this year lies, not in itself, but in the possibility of a great Republican mistake.

The attempt to unseat Senator Kellogg strikes at every Senator. It is a declaration that at any time after a Senator's right to his seat has been lawfully and formally admitted, he may be ejected by a majority vote. The case of Mr. Kellogg is what lawyers call a *res adjudicata*: it is finally settled: and the effort to unsettle it is the more monstrous because there is no new evidence. Nothing has changed but the party majority in the Senate. The facts are few and simple. In November, 1877, the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate, after a patient and complete inquiry, reported this resolution:

> "That William Pitt Kellogg is, upon the merits of the case, entitled to a seat in the Senate of the United States, from the State of Louisiana, for the term of six years, commencing on the 4th of March, 1877, and that he be admitted thereto on taking the proper oath.
>
> "*Resolved*, that Henry M. Spofford is not entitled to a seat in the Senate of the United States."

The committee had under consideration also the case of Messrs. Butler and Corbin, contestants from South Carolina, but had made no report. Late at night on the 30th of November Senator Edmunds said:

> "I take the liberty to suggest once more the possibility of our coming to an understanding as to taking a vote upon these questions, and I ask that unanimous consent be given in the usual method—not that the Journal shall bind as an order, but the understanding of Senators does. I ask unanimous consent to come to this understanding among Senators: first, to vote on the Kellogg-Spofford case at or before 2.30 A.M. to day; second, to vote on the Butler-Corbin case at or before the expiration of one hour after the Kellogg-Spofford case is disposed of."

Senator Thurman immediately said,

> "I hope the proposition will be agreed to, and I ask my Democratic friends on this floor to agree to it, and to trust to me that it will result in an arrangement perfectly honorable and fair to both parties."

A vote was then taken upon the Kellogg resolution, and it was passed by 30 to 28. Mr. Thurman instantly moved that Mr. Butler be sworn in as Senator from South Carolina, and without any report from the Committee on Privileges and Elections Mr. Butler was admitted by a vote of 29 to 28. In the next session Mr. Corbin asked to have his claims investigated, and for the reason that the case of Mr. Butler had never been decided upon its merits. This was true, but the Senate refused to re-open the case.

Mr. Kellogg was thus seated in the usual way, after an inquiry into the merits of the case, and with the distinct statement that it was upon the merits that he was seated. But the Democrats, having now the majority of the Senate, which they had not when Mr. Kellogg was admitted, have introduced a resolution reversing that of 1877, and declaring that Mr. Spofford is entitled to the seat. When Mr. Blaine alluded to the agreement by which Mr. Butler was admitted, there was a general disclaimer from Democratic Senators. They knew nothing of any agreement, and Mr. Butler demanded to know if Mr. Blaine accused him of obtaining his seat by a corrupt bargain. Mr. Blaine in turn disclaimed any such intention, and cited the Charleston *News and Courier* as authority for the understanding. But the understanding is of minor importance. The alarming thing is the repudiation of a final adjudication, which throws every settled seat upon the mercy of the majority. Mr. Kellogg, as Mr. Blaine stated, is the sole remaining Republican Senator from a Southern State, and his right is attacked in the most revolutionary manner by the Democrats. It is a wanton and foolish game, in which the stake, although the Democrats do not seem to see it, is the Presidential election. These are the things that tell upon the stump, and arouse popular feeling. The "solid South" uniting to eject from the Senate the one solitary remaining Republican from that part of the country, after a perfectly legal and honorable settlement of his case, is not a spectacle which will commend the Democratic party to greater favor. Its worst tendency, however, is to the continuance of sectionalism in politics.

THE DEMOCRATIC "TIME OF DAY."

Some remarks of Mr. Jacobs, the chairman of the late New York Democratic Convention, have excited a great deal of attention. The Convention was believed to be a thoroughly "Tilden" Convention, and Mr. Jacobs has been counted among the most unswerving "Tilden men." It was therefore surprising, and indeed appalling, to his friends, to hear him say in the State Senate, of which he is a member, that Mr. Tilden would be supported for the nomination by the New York delegation if he seemed to be the strongest man when the Convention met, but that now Mr. Jacobs did not believe him to be the strongest man. If this be the opinion of a "Tilden man," and the chairman of the "Tilden Convention," in Mr. Tilden's own State, the question may well be asked, in the language of slang, "What time of day is it?" There are various explanations of this remark, all of which are exceedingly uncomplimentary to Mr. Jacobs, because they all imply that he has no convictions of his own upon the subject, but merely utters those of Mr. McLaughlin, who is familiarly known as the "Brooklyn Boss" of the Democratic party. It would thus appear that it is not the favor of the Democratic voters, but of "a boss," which is the condition of political promotion and success, and the whole affair is full of suggestion to a student of our politics.

It is not in itself surprising that any Democratic politician should say that he does not think Mr. Tilden to be the strongest candidate of his party, and for the reasons that we gave last week. But the chief reason is that in this State, which is indispensable to Democratic success, the party proposes no other issue than the cry of "fraud." How can any intelligent Democrat help laughing when he recalls the cipher disclosures, the desperate efforts of Mr. Tilden's confidential agents to buy electoral votes, and then contemplates the solemn nomination of Mr. Tilden as a rebuke to "fraud"? It would be a hilarious campaign, and it is no wonder that a Western Democratic paper begs its Republican contemporaries in advance not to "get mad" with what it may say of them in the campaign, because abuse is only part of the game. The cry of "fraud," with Mr. Tilden as the candidate, would be only part of the game, and a very contemptible game it would be. To the question, Upon what grounds of principle or policy, upon what measures of progress or reform, does the Democratic party, hoary with repulsive traditions to every loyal American, ask the confidence of the country? the only reply vouchsafed is, Upon the ground that a candidate whose confidential agents tried to buy his election, and whom Congress decided not to have been elected, was cheated of the Presidency in 1876. This reply is ludicrously like that of the new page in a recent *Punch*. His master discovers with amazement that instead of an egg in his glass at breakfast, there is but a hollow shell, and when he asks, with thunder, "What does this mean?" and the family butler stands aghast at the impudence of the snickering page, that youth, with his cheeks splitting and his foolish fingers to his mouth, replies, "It's the 1st of April, sir." The Democratic party's platform of "fraud" is a poor "April fool."

The impression, undoubtedly, is gaining ground that Mr. Tilden will not be a candidate, and reasons for that impression are said to be found in the action of the Syracuse Convention itself. But this is a kind of story which is very easily told, and there seems to be no good reason for believing it. The majority of the New York delegation is undoubtedly favorable to his nomination, and the delegation is bound by the old Democratic and unrepublican "unit rule." Mr. Jacobs says that he would not go to Cincinnati pledged to Mr. Tilden, or to any other man, and that it was the sense of the Syracuse Convention that the delegates should all go "unpledged and free." But the resolutions of the Convention instruct the delegates to act as a unit according to the will of the majority of the delegation, and we are glad, therefore, to presume from his remark that Mr. Jacobs does not acknowledge the authority of such instruction. It is not probable, however, that the majority of the delegation will favor any nomination which Mr. Tilden does not approve, and when the majority pronounces, we fear that our presumption will be found to be baseless, and that Mr. Jacobs will support Mr. Tilden's candidate. But nobody will "get mad." It is only part of the game. In this situation, with a Republican candidate to whom there could be no reasonable or wide-spread objection, who would be in no peculiar need of explanation and defense, and with Mr. Tilden, or the "Tilden candidate," upon a Democratic platform of "fraud," the result of the election would be a foregone conclusion.

A STEP FORWARD.

The bill for a State Board of Prison Supervisors, which was introduced in the Senate by Senator Robertson, and in the House by Speaker Sharpe, has been favorably reported in both Houses. It is designed to carry out the recommendations of the Commission of Inquiry into the condition of the county jails, to which we have already called attention. The interest in this subject is not confined to New York, and the negligence which produced the inquiry here is well known in other States. The recent report of the State Board of Charities of Ohio, for the year 1879, states that no reform is more necessary and important than that of the jail system of the State, while no work of the board has been more misunderstood and misrepresented than that in regard to this subject. The Ohio report describes the same evils that the special New York report points out—"want of drainage, ventilation, or light, and almost uniformly without facilities for cleanliness, or for the separation or classification of prisoners." The seventh annual National Conference of Charities and Correction will be held this year at Cleveland, beginning on June 29, and the names of the chairmen of the various committees of this conference are the earnest of the character of the work done by it. Penal and prison discipline, and the criminal law and its administration, are two of the topics which have received and will receive especial attention. Mr. Henry W. Lord, of Michigan, is the chairman of the committee upon penal discipline, and Professor T. W. Dwight, of New York, of that upon criminal law.

From this general interest upon the part of the most intelligent students of this great subject it is fair to anticipate wise improvement in the jail system. The report of the New York commission of which Mr. John C. Devereux was chairman stated plainly that there are laws which provide for the good government of jails, but there is no authority to enforce them. Despite the laws, therefore, the jails become mere nurseries of crime. No one who is familiar with the present deplorable system can see a young offender locked up for the first time without the deepest concern—not that the boy has committed a crime, but that he is now to be made a criminal; and of girls, District Attorney Phelps recently said in a public speech that he has yet to hear of a woman coming from the Penitentiary who is not a more hardened sinner than when she went in. There are more than two hundred offenses punishable in New York by imprisonment in the county jails and penitentiaries. There are six penitentiaries, to which 9000 persons are annually committed, and to the sixty-seven jails of the State 80,000 persons are annually sent. The expenses of all these jails are enormous, but the return which the community gets for the vast outlay is more crime and more accomplished criminals and higher taxes. Yet the just enforcement of existing laws would remedy many of the evils. Mr. Sinclair Tousey, of the New York Prison Association, mentioned to a reporter the case of a sheriff who obtained for board money and other charges in the county jail $12,000 more than he was entitled to. This swindle could not have been effected under a good system of keeping jail accounts, for which the law provides, but which it is nobody's duty or individual interest to see enforced.

It is now proposed that the State shall enforce its laws, and if objection should be made that county rights will be infringed, the reply is that thirty years of county supervision, as the report alleges, have merely manufactured criminals for the State to support. The bill provides for a State Board of Correction and Pardons, composed of one resident citizen of each judicial district, and of the Governor, Attorney-General, Comptroller, and Superintendent of Prisons, *ex officio*. Its duty shall be to visit and inspect all the State penal institutions, to examine officers and inmates under oath, with power to send for persons and papers, and to make strict and thorough inquiry into the management of such institutions, with special reference to the separation and classification of prisoners, their employment at hard labor, the absolute separation of the sexes, and the entire exclusion of children from the jail. In each county, except New York and Kings, the County Judge, upon the nomination of the member of the State Board for the district in which the county is situated, will appoint two resident citizens of the county, who, with the sheriff, are to constitute a County Board, which shall enforce in the county jail the directions of the State Board in all details of food, discipline, and health. The County Board, or any two or more reputable citizens, may represent to a justice of the Supreme Court holding a term in the county any defect in the arrangement of the jail, and upon his order the supervisors must take action. The State Board is to advise the Governor in regard to pardons, and the members are to receive no compensation excepting their necessary travelling expenses, their secretary being the only salaried officer. The passage of this bill, and appointments under it, determined by public and not by mere political and partisan considerations, will be one of the most admirable acts of the session, and a great gain for the State.

WEST POINT AND FAIR PLAY.

A correspondent in Georgia, referring to our recent article upon the colored cadets at West Point, asks whether we really mean that, because some sons of Northern Republicans will not associate with colored classmates, therefore "the South can not be trusted." We certainly mean no such thing. Our argument was that if here in the old Free States the color prejudice is still so strong, it is useless to assert that in the old Slave States it does not injuriously affect the political rights of the colored citizens, and that consequently the assertion that such citizens freely enjoy such rights is presumptively untrue.

The existence of the prejudice we no more deny than the fact of difference of color. But in a public institution of a government which has proclaimed the equality of the races before the law, it is the duty of the government to see that its agents do not suffer any innocent inmate to be treated as if he were a leper or a moral outcast. Cadet Flipper told the story of the treatment to which he was subjected at West Point, and its accuracy is not denied. It is a reproach to Americans and to honorable men. Senator Saulsbury says, in his place in the Senate, that it was cruel to send Whittaker to West Point, because the interests of both races require that there should be distinctions between them in their associations. The Senator says that of color which he would not dare to say of sect or of nativity, and he furnishes another argument for distrusting the control of the government by a party whose leaders deliberately justify—for that is what it comes to—the ostracism of a colored cadet.

We repeat what we have said before, that cadets, like the rest of us, must choose their social companions for themselves; but the inhuman and unmanly treatment of Flipper and Whittaker is not to be dismissed upon any such ground. If the officers of the institution did not sympathize with it, it would not be permitted. As the agents of the government, they are officially bound to see fair play. But whether the colored cadets have had fair play, let the record show. The white cadets may well ponder the words of John A. Andrew: "I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world; but this I do know, that I never was so mean as to despise any man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

COLLEGE DEGREES.

Ever since Harvard laid its hand upon "Old Hickory," and sent him forth Dr. Jackson, there has been much wondering over college degrees, to thoughts of which, as the summer draws nearer, the mind of the collegian lightly turns. It is plain that, while tradition will still authorize the conferring of honorary degrees for a public distinction which is not necessarily scholastic, the tendency of the colleges is to make their degrees in course, and actual degrees, certificates of proved attainment, which will be of substantial use to the recipient.

The Board of Trustees of Columbia College have recently adopted an admirable system for the degree of Master of Arts. They establish five groups of studies, each group embracing three studies, and the candidate may select the group in which he proposes to be examined. The books which may be selected in each study of the group are specified, and upon a satisfactory examination the degree will be conferred. It is interesting to remark that of the five groups, one only includes Greek and Latin, with English. Others are composed of cognate studies, as Philosophy, Ethics, and Logic; or Mathematics, Mechanics, and Astronomy; or Physics, Chemistry, and Geology; or Constitutional Law, Economics, and History.

It is a striking sign of the times that interest in the higher university education in this country keeps pace with interest in the common school. Each helps the other, and there is no greater error than that there is any kind of conflict between them. The wider the range and the more thorough the scholarship of the university, the more important the earlier elemental steps will appear. Knowledge pursued for its own sake is the most elevating of intellectual employments, because the inspiration to study is the pure love of truth. The Columbia scheme is truly that of a university. It contemplates the accomplishment of students both in mechanical and in moral science; in mathematics and in the philosophy and practice of government, as well as in literature and history. Situated in a great city, and with great resources and opportunities, Columbia evidently does not mean to be distanced in the university race.

"A STRIKE."

The Mutual Benefit Societies which pay a certain sum to the families of deceased members, or which relieve the families of disabled members, are threatened by a mysterious bill (No. 222) in the New York Legislature, which requires a deposit of $100,000 as the condition of insuring the health of individuals. The origin of the bill is unknown. The theory is that the purely benevolent benefit associations injure the business of life-insurance, and the large life-insurance companies are therefore suspected. But the president of one of the largest companies disclaims all knowledge of the bill.

A meeting of many of the benefit associations, which have a membership of 20,000, has been held, and a vigorous and reasonable protest against the bill has been adopted. The protest states the situation strongly, as follows: "That to require each of these many organizations (including Masonic and temperance bodies, Father Mathew and working-men's societies, trade-unions, co-operative societies, accident and mutual benefit associations, embracing hundreds of thousands of German, Irish, and other foreign as well as native citizens within this State) to make the proposed deposit is impracticable and contrary to the established policy of the State, and would destroy the most useful charities, and terminate the most available practical means of alleviating much misery by voluntary co-operation."

These societies have no desire to shield a regular business of insurance beyond the mutual benefit principle, nor to protect any other kind of abuse. But neither do they wish that abuses of which they are innocent shall be made the excuse of striking at them, and they ask, therefore, that the bill shall be amended by excepting societies incorporated under the act authorizing "benevolent, charitable, scientific, and missionary societies." The proposed bill is probably "a strike." It aims a blow at one of the most common and beneficent forms of mutual relief in the probable hope that it might produce blackmail; but the general hostility and indignation which it has aroused will undoubtedly dispose of it.

A TIMELY WARNING.

The sentence of W. H. Kemble and the others convicted of legislative bribery in Pennsylvania is a significant and encouraging sign. We mentioned some weeks ago the extraordinary suggestion that as this crime had become so common, it would not be severely punished. But Judge Pearson justly said that the intelligence of the prisoners aggravated the offense, and he imposed the highest fine that the law allows, and one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary at hard labor. The sentence is reported to have confounded the prisoners. Kemble denied his guilt, but the judge made no answer.

This is an event which may be meditated profitably at Albany. The bribery of members of the Legislature has become a jest, and the go-betweens in this traffic, the criminal agents, are well known, and do not conceal their trade, although they cover the actual transactions as closely as possible. Their business, however, is really no more reputable than that of other criminals. Some years ago we saw a man pull out from his pocket a handful of bank-notes in the anteroom of a Legislature, while he said, with a sneer, "That's what makes the laws," and there are always members who "go to be bought." Constitutions and laws endeavor to strike at the evil, but it is of a nature so occult that it is hard to reach. There is the more reason for congratulation that the Court was firm in the Pennsylvania cases.

"It is greatly to be regretted," said the judge, "that for years this practice has been carried on in the Legislature. It was charged throughout the whole country that bribery in the Legislature was the great evil of the day." The Pennsylvania law prohibits even the occupation of soliciting the votes of legislators; and now that five offenders of the "respectable" class have been sentenced, one upon conviction and four upon confession, lobbyists of every degree may take warning, and honest citizens may take courage.

THE NEW ENGLISH MINISTRY.

The brilliant array of distinguished men in the new English Ministry shows how rich in ability is the Liberal party. Almost all the names are familiar in this country, and it is impossible to deny that there is a great advantage, in a country of "Parliamentary government," that there should be no "dark horses." Government is not so simple a business that men who have earned great and just distinction in its conduct should be regarded as "out of the question" because they have no "bosses" or "machines" to push them, and no "unit rule" to smooth their way.

Mr. Gladstone, the actual Liberal chief, is now also once more the titular chief of his party, and the head of the new administration. He is surrounded by a body of tried statesmen and orators whose sturdy and thoroughly English character offers a singular contrast to the "flashiness" of the late Prime Minister, which imparted its own hue to the whole Ministry. The Liberal party is full of activity and progress, but the harmony between old Whigs and new Radicals is not always perfect. The Radical element is represented in the cabinet by Mr. Chamberlain; but Mr. Gladstone himself, with his conservative temperament and his radical convictions, is an admirable bond for the differing views of his associates.

It is an interesting picture which we give upon another page of the front bench of the Liberal Opposition at the end of the late Parliament. The chiefs are there, not writing at desks, and clapping for pages, and attending to everything but the business of the time and place, but a body of some of the ablest and most experienced public men in England, leaders not by reason of official patronage, but of real ascendency.

PERSONAL.

A new edition of Colonel J. W. Forney's *Anecdotes of Public Men*, including sketches of several hundred additional celebrities at home and abroad, is about to be published by Harper & Brothers. The first edition of this unique series of sketches, published in 1873, attracted general attention, and met with the heartiest encomiums of his brethren of the press. His subsequent seven years' experience, chiefly abroad, will give us the later conclusions of a most industrious, astute, and experienced observer of men and things, and can not fail to be eagerly called for. It is now forty-three years since Colonel Forney entered the editorial profession. From that time to the present he has lived in the society of those who have been especially distinguished in our national life. From 1851 to 1855 he was Clerk of the United States House of Representatives, and from 1861 to 1868 he was Secretary of the Senate—positions that necessarily brought him into very intimate relations with those who were at the helm of public affairs, and who were glad to avail themselves of his wide and valuable experience. Colonel Forney's book will form an interesting part of the history of our time.

—Since the play of *Drink* was produced in London some year and a half ago, Mr. Charles Reade, its author, has received as his share of the profits of its representation about $45,000.

—In view of his intended European tour, the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., has resigned the editorship of the *Christian at Work*, which has been under his able management during the past three years and a half. Dr. Taylor is a profound thinker and a vigorous writer, and he made the *Christian at Work* one of the most interesting and influential of the religious papers in the country.

—Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who comes into the new Parliament with his father, is said to be "not only a strong, calm, and lucid reasoner, but has that gayety and playfulness in him which a British audience most loves. In one of his most stormy meetings he got a cordial hearing by telling an admirable story of a kitten offered for sale by a boy who tried the temper of the market first by labelling it a Tory kitten, but found no purchaser, and who, when he sold it the next day under Liberal colors, as a Liberal kitten, defended himself, when taxed with his open recantation of the kitten's politics, by declaring, in Lord Beaconsfield's phrase, that a good deal had happened since then, for since then 'the kitten had opened its eyes.'"

—Mr. James Payn's amusing story, "An Arcadian Revenge," published simultaneously, by arrangement with the author, in *Harper's Weekly* and the *Cornhill Magazine*, has been the subject of a successful copyright suit in England. It was copied by the Liverpool *Mail*, and Smith, Elder, & Co., the proprietors of the *Cornhill*, brought suit for a perpetual injunction restraining the proprietor of the *Mail* from publishing any copies of the paper containing it. When the notice of a motion for an injunction was made, the defendant consented to its issue, and promised to pay Mr. Payn the sum of fifteen guineas, besides meeting all costs of the suit, and to hand over ten guineas to the Literary Fund. Mr. Payn, besides being the author of some of the most popular serial novels of the day, writes short stories that are inimitable in style and humor.

—For the first time in this country, a scion of the British nobility conducted on Sunday morning last the religious services of a small sect in this city who have assumed the simple but comprehensive title of "Christians." Lord Cecil, a younger son of the late Marquis of Exeter, and brother of the present marquis, appeared in a room on the second floor of No. 20 Fourth Avenue, and after kneeling in private prayer at a small table at the upper end of the room, addressed about one hundred plain people, apparently of the mechanic class, on the necessity of accepting salvation as offered by the Saviour. His lordship has a pleasant voice, but in the matter of his sermon there was nothing original or striking, while the manner was of that character that will scarcely win for him fame as an orator. The "Christians" accept the Bible literally as the basis of their faith, and repudiate all the catechisms, confessions of faith, articles of religion, etc., of the different denominations into which Christendom is now divided. Lord Cecil was formerly an officer in the Rifle Brigade, one of the "crack" corps of the British army.

—It is noticeable in the career of Lord Beaconsfield that he has never sold justice or been connected with any legislative job. He has never eclipsed the glories of royalty, but has sought to make his sovereign greater in name and fact than he found her. It is unlikely that he will resume power. But the English like their ministers as well as their port to be old, and the brightness of Lord Beaconsfield's intellect has shown no trace as yet of waxing dim. There are various possibilities, apart from this, that may make Mr. Gladstone's triumph short-lived; and we may be sure that if it lies within the scope of his grasping and energetic nature to compass it, Lord Beaconsfield will surprise us some day by a new stroke, which will be dramatic or nothing, and will place him once more in power.

—Judge Jeremiah S. Black, who has just departed on a pleasure trip to Europe, numbers among his warmest personal friends at Washington some of the most distinguished members of the Republican party. General Garfield, Senator Blaine, and Senator Carpenter, who are among the most entertaining men at the capital, are first to seek him out. On one occasion, some years ago, when attacked on the Democratic side of the House, Thaddeus Stevens, "the Great Commoner," highly eulogized him as a man and lawyer, but objected to his politics. When Mr. Stevens died, Judge Black remarked that "Stevens said the smartest things that ever were said, but his mind, so far as a sense of obligation to God is concerned, was a howling wilderness."

—Lord Lytton has been advanced a step in the peerage, the Queen having made him an earl. The new earl is forty-nine years old, and has been in the diplomatic service since his eighteenth year, when he was at Washington as private secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer. He was married in 1864 to a niece of the late Earl of Clarendon. They have three daughters and one son, the latter being the godson of the Queen.

—It is generally admitted abroad that the health of the Czar of Russia has lately undergone so terrible a change that the Czarowitz has almost consented to replace his sire, though greatly averse to do so. The poor Empress is simply kept alive by morphine, milk, and blood, the last being administered to her in small pieces of raw meat put into strong soup.

—Secretary Evarts recently gave a dinner to President Angell, of Michigan University, just appointed Minister to China. Among the guests was Congressman Cox, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. On the Secretary's presenting Mr. Cox to the guest of the evening, Mr. Cox exclaimed, "Why, Jim Angell!" "Why, Sam Cox!" exclaimed President Angell, in response. It transpired that the two had been classmates at Brown University over a third of a century ago, and had not met since.

—Lord Rosebery writes to Mr. George W. Childs in high spirits over the success of the Liberals. He thinks of coming to this country during the present May, on his way to Australia.

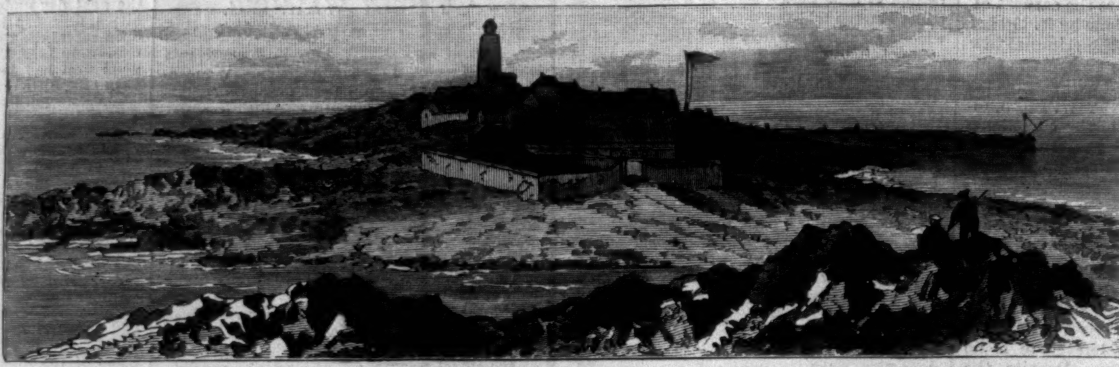
—Tolerably large subscriptions and assessments are made in this country for partisan purposes, but they are quite small compared with the contributions for like objects in England. At the recent English elections it is stated that the Dukes of Westminster and Devonshire, the Earl of Rosebery, and Mr. Samuel Morley contributed between them $1,250,000 for the Liberal side. While the Liberal outlay was prodigious, that of the Conservatives was conspicuous for its littleness.

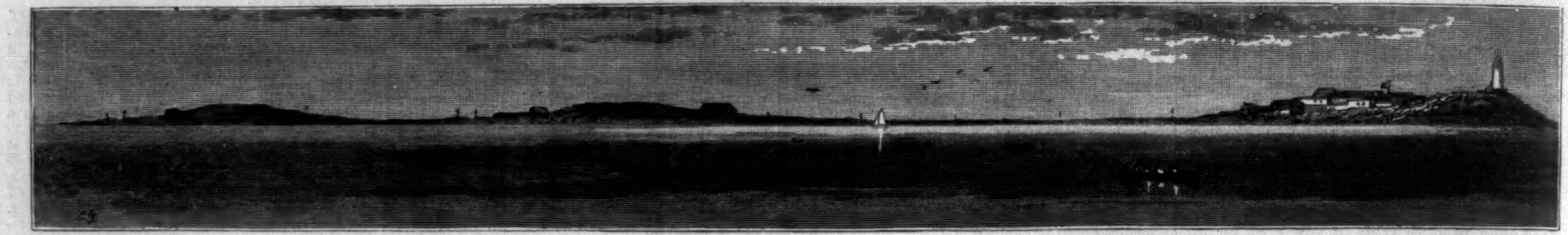
—Joseph Gales, who died at Washington twenty years ago, and who for fifty years was the editor of the *National Intelligencer* of that city, has just had erected to his memory a monument. It was the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, who first called attention to the fact that the grave of Mr. Gales had remained for twenty years unmarked, and it is mainly to his efforts that the monument has been erected. Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, at first offered to defray the whole expense himself. It was thought best, however, to solicit contributions from other sources as well; and the requisite sum, $700, was promptly furnished by Mr. Childs, Mr. George Jones, and Mr. Robert Bonner, of this city, Mr. Goddard, of the Boston *Advertiser*, and other editors in Boston.

AN ISLAND LAZARETTO.

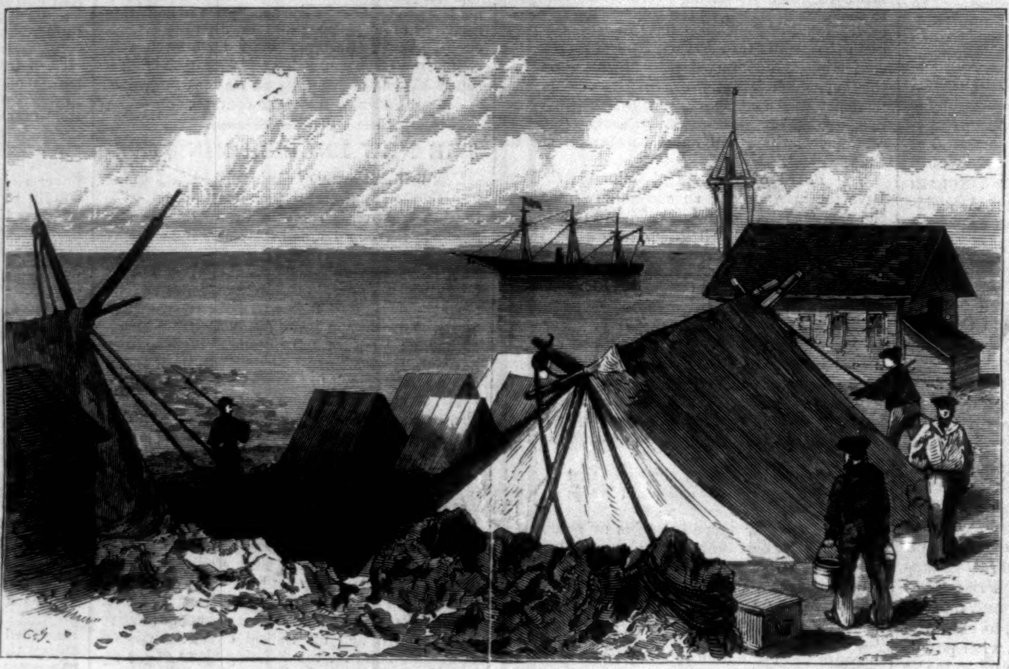
Camp Lehigh,
Flores Island,
March 20, 1880.

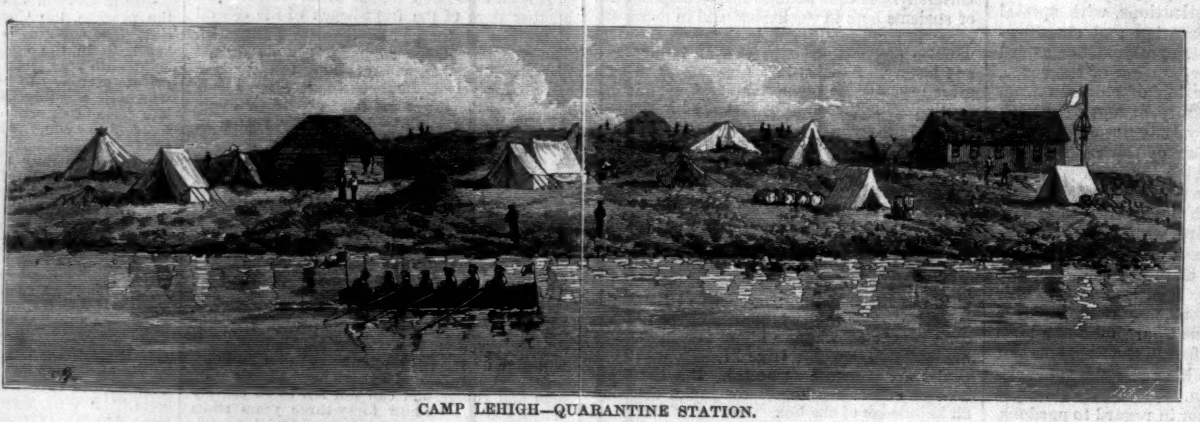
The United States steamer *Marion* (third-rate), eight guns, sailed from New York December 13, 1879, under orders to join the South Pacific squadron at Callao, Peru, stopping at Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso *en route.* She arrived at Rio February 1, 1880, where the United States government has a naval store-house, and received on board coal and supplies sufficient for a voyage through Magellan Strait to Valparaiso. The ship was coaled by parties of native workmen, and the crew not allowed to expose themselves to the effects of work in the sun during daytime or the damp air at night; and notwithstanding the assurances of the health-officers of the port that there was no danger, the captain wisely prohibited intercourse of men and officers with the shore, excepting the first two days, when the officers only were allowed to go on shore during daytime. She sailed from Rio February 6, and after being at sea several days, a few cases of yellow fever occurred among the men; and when off the Rio de la Plata, about three hundred miles from Montevideo, the yellow fever assumed such proportions as to decide the captain, Commander F. M. Bunce, U.S.N., to take his ship with all possible speed to the latter place.


CEMETERY FOR VICTIMS OF YELLOW FEVER.

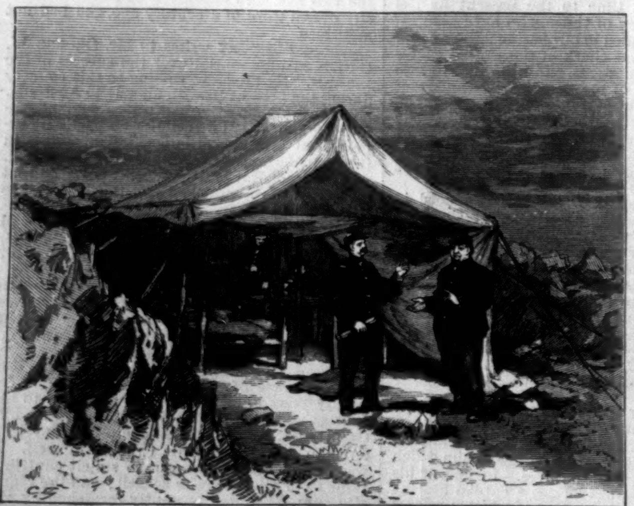

GENERAL VIEW OF FLORES ISLAND.

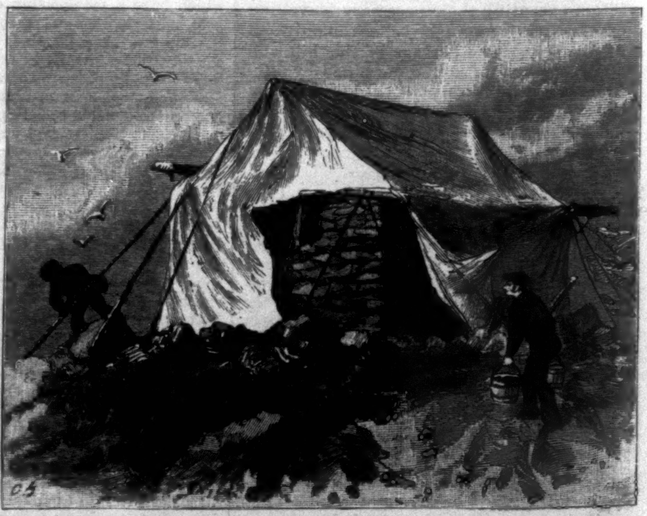
At this time there were twenty cases on board, among them the chief surgeon. Arrived at Montevideo February 18, communication was held with the flag-ship of the United States South Atlantic squadron by signal, and the ship was forced by the health-officer of the port to return to Flores Island, distant eighteen miles to seaward of the city. Having anchored off Flores Island, the director of the *lazaretto* gave permission to land on that portion of the island devoted to quarantine purposes. That night boy John Rodgers died, and was buried next day in the cemetery.


CAMP LEHIGH—VIEW FROM PAMPERO HEIGHTS, LOOKING TOWARD MONTEVIDEO.


CAMP LEHIGH—QUARANTINE STATION.

Tents were quickly erected, made of sails and spars; the sick (then numbering twenty-five) were landed; the ship was dismantled, in preparation for the heavy gales, or *pamperos,* so frequent in this part of the world; and then the officers and crew were transferred to the island, leaving enough on board to distill water for use on the island, and to disinfect the ship. Lieutenant J. P. Wallis, who was too ill to be landed, died on board, at 2.30 a.m., February 23, and was buried at 10.30 a.m., in the cemetery.


THE FARRAGUT HOUSE.


BOSSY'S CASTLE.

Since landing on the island, one death, that of Midshipman Harvey Wike, at 4.30 p.m., February 26, and but two new cases of fever, have occurred. On March 13 all were well, and doing finely. Preparations are being made to place suitable tombstones over the graves of the honorable three who have lost their lives while combating for their country a stealthy and deadly enemy.

Flores Island is composed of three distinct parts—one containing a light-house and a hospital, the next a cemetery, and the third, the most isolated, is devoted to such purposes as I have just described. This portion of the island is barren of almost everything save rocks, and before we landed contained but one small building for sick patients. It is well calculated to resist the inroads of a yellow-fever epidemic, and needs but a well of water to make it all that could be desired for the purpose. The lazaretto is in telegraphic communication with Montevideo.

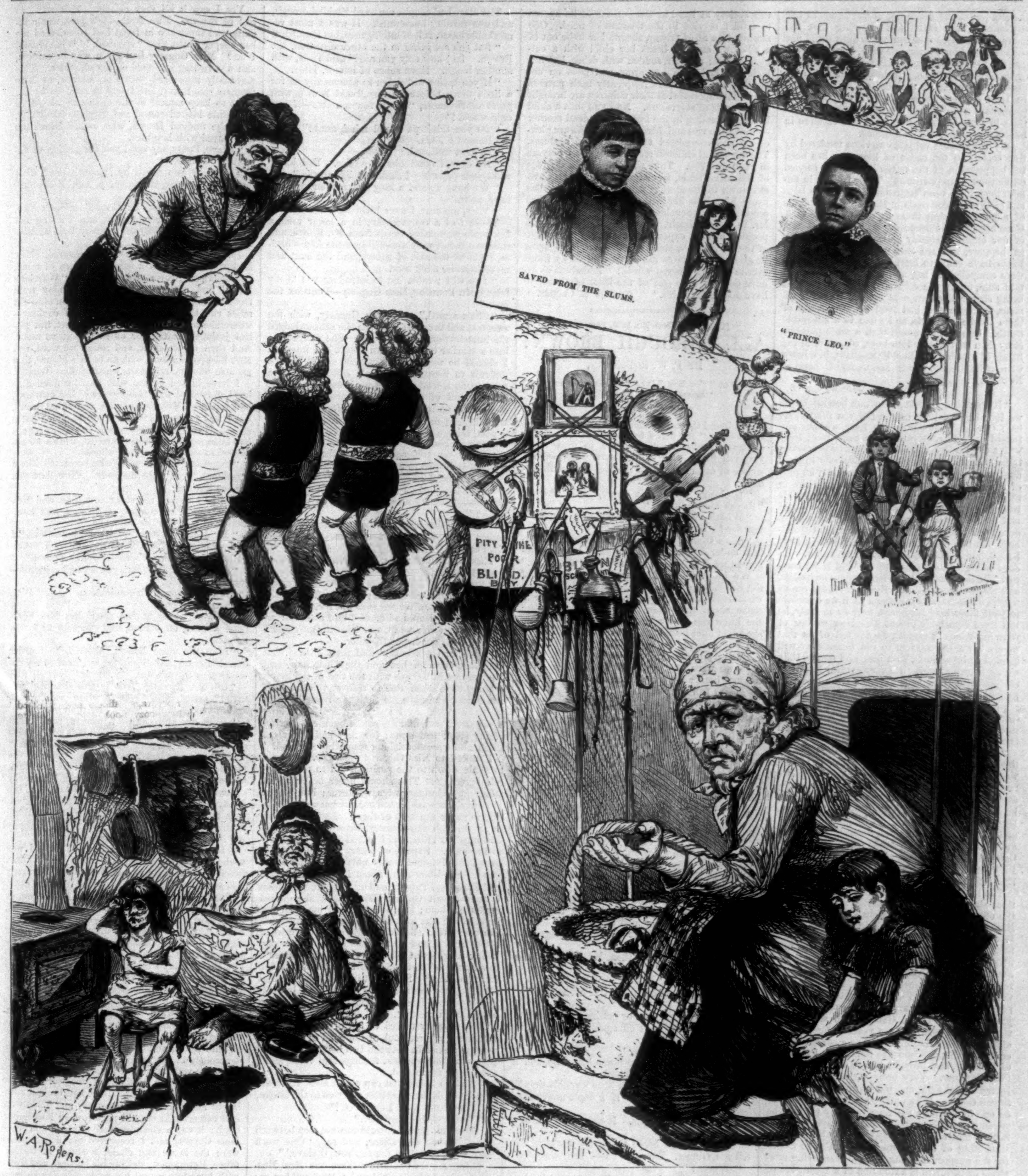
The camp was christened Camp Lehigh by Commander Bunce, and presents quite a picturesque aspect at present, sailors having proved excellent adepts at tent-making. The island is surrounded by a rough rocky beach, and so a rude breakwater has been constructed of stones for the landing of boats. Real *bona fide* tents have recently been made at leisure by the sail-maker's gang to take the place of some ruder ones first erected, and the carpenter's gang have built another permanent wooden house. More of these wooden houses would have been constructed but for the high price of lumber at Montevideo, where all material of this kind must be purchased.

A camp routine is established, and the discipline of the ship life carried out, drills and inspections taking place every morning, particular attention being paid to the cleanliness of the camp. All kinds of out-door sports, such as boat-racing, base-ball, fishing, and hunting, are indulged in, and the officers are attempting to produce a theatrical entertainment. On the whole, life on the island is quite pleasant, in spite of its monotony and the circumscribed area to which we are confined.

In the accompanying sketches "Bossy's Castle" is on the highest point, and though delightfully cool on warm days, is quite uncomfortable when the gales blow. The other steerage officers have selected their cozy nook with an eye to natural protection from wind and weather, and have dubbed it after the Farragut House, Rye Beach, New Hampshire, the name being suggested by the lawn between it and the sea. The warrant-officers' tent, made of the forecastle awning, flying-jib-boom, and a broken royal yard, is the prettiest and snuggest of all. The commanding officer and other ward-room officers occupy the new tents, and the new wooden building is used as a store-house, and house of refuge for those who may be unfortunate enough to have leaky or damaged tents. The east side of the island is a mass of rocks, and furnishes fine bathing and washing facilities. The authorities at this place have been extremely polite and kind. All known disinfectants are being used to fumigate the ship before our departure.

W. I. C.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MARION" IN QUARANTINE AT FLORES ISLAND, OFF MONTEVIDEO.—From Sketches by an Officer.


SAVED FROM THE SLUMS.
"PRINCE LEO."
PITY THE POOR BLIND. BOY
W.A.Rogers.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN—HOW THE LITTLE WAIFS OF THE STREET ARE TREATED.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

On the second day of last March the Rev. **Edward Cowley**, once director of the Shepherd's Fold, was transferred as a convict from this city to Blackwell's Island prison. Clad in the prescribed striped dress, he was assigned a place in one of the columns, which marched with locked step to the supper-room, and there, seated on a hard bench, ate from a tin plate and drank from a tin cup. At the word of command he was marched again, this time to his cell for the night. The cell is small, only seven feet by four; on the wall a suspended card describes the crime of the occupant: "Cruelty to a child." This legend—assuredly not one of honor—must meet the eyes of the Rev. Mr. **Cowley** at morning when he wakes, and at evening when he returns from work to the solitude of his prison. The whole story is painful, but the acquiescence of the community in the righteousness of the verdict which has consigned Mr. **Cowley** to his present abode is universal.

Ever since Jesus of Nazareth laid his hands upon children, saying, "Suffer them to come unto me," childhood has been regarded with a solicitude unknown to the world before. Classic antiquity was a stranger to the sentiment now prevalent in the Christendom which demands gentle treatment for all children. In Rome, during the later republic and empire, the exposure of infants was practiced, says one authority, "on a gigantic scale." It was condemned, to be sure, but, when the parents were very poor, was regarded as a pardonable offense. It is mentioned as a curious fact that the same character in one of the plays of **Terence** who utters the noble sentence, "I am a man; I reckon nothing human as alien to me," also directs his wife to expose their newly born child. And yet the thought dawned on the minds of several Roman emperors that childhood was a proper object of even imperial charity. **Nerva** gave orders for the support of poor children throughout Italy; **Trajan** followed out the plans of his predecessor, and extended their scope. But it remained for Christianity to inculcate the lessons of the sanctity of human life, and the obligations of charity to the oppressed and the helpless of every age and nationality. It attacked and suppressed many of the barbarous practices of ancient society, and has given the world a gentler civilization. Only of late, however, have systematic efforts been made through voluntary organizations for the specific object of preventing cruelty to children. Such societies have sprung up very rapidly within a few years, until there are now twenty-three in the Christian world. Of this number, one is in England, one in France, and one in Italy; the others are in the United States. The society in New York is, we believe, the original of them all.

Strange to say, these praiseworthy efforts to protect children against inhuman treatment began with the Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Our modern St. **Francis**, Mr. **Henry Bergh**, has had the honor of initiating two movements, in each of which he has taught us a valuable lesson. We do not know whether he has the quaint sympathy of his prototype for the brute creation; we *do* know that he would not be content with merely saying, as is reported of the gentle saint, "If I could, I would pray for the issue of an edict prohibiting from catching or imprisoning my sisters the larks, and ordering that all who have oxen should at Christmas feed them particularly well." Mr. **Bergh** *has* obtained his edict, and has protected his humble clients by means of the strong arm of the law. Six years ago the following facts were brought to his notice: A poor woman was dying of consumption on the top floor of a tenement-house in this city. A lady who visited her, and offered charitable help, received this reply, "My time is short, but I can not die in peace while the miserable girl whom they call **Mary Ellen** is beaten day and night by her step-mother next door to my room." Ascertaining that the case was one of brutal treatment, the lady applied to the police. She had for answer, "We can't arrest without evidence; you have only hearsay to go upon." She applied to several well-known benevolent societies, and was told, "If the child is placed with us by order of court, we will care for it; but otherwise we can not act." She turned next to several gentlemen of high repute for philanthropy; they assured her that it was dangerous to interfere between a parent and a child. In that despair which is often a woman's highest inspiration, she bethought herself of one man in New York who had "never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the helpless." She went to **Henry Bergh**. Mr. **Bergh** acted with his usual energy, and the child **Mary Ellen**, whose case soon became known to the public through the city press, was taken out of the hands of her step-mother, and cared for. Finding that the many similar cases now coming to light could not receive from him proper attention, Mr. Bergh began the formation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children. It has in six years relieved 2080 cases of neglect and ill treatment. In 1879 alone it investigated 1148 complaints, prosecuted 233 cases of cruelty, obtained convictions in 199 of these, and placed 705 children in homes and charitable institutions.

One of the most valuable services rendered by this society to the cause of humanity has been the suppression of the traffic in children carried on by the Italian padrones. These traders in human flesh have been accustomed to buy up boys and girls of tender years in Italy for trifling sums of money, and ship them to the United States. Once here, the children were sent into the streets of our cities, ostensibly as musicians, but really as beggars, to earn money for their masters. Facts have come to light which show that they were compelled to beg and earn each day a certain sum, under the certainty, if they failed, of being shamefully beaten at night. Harsh treatment, exposure, and bad food brought many of them to the hospitals, and some to a miserable death. One seldom meets with a more pathetic story than was told by four boys, who were in the hands of a padrone named Ramagnani, in a letter written by them to the Italian Consul-General at New York:

"Syracuse, *January* 6, 1879.

"Illustrious Consul,—On our bended knees we four boys of Italy beg to tell you the following: Our ignorant parents in Italy, without any regard or feeling, allowed us to come from Italy with a certain Giovanni Ramagnani, he promising them twenty dollars annually. His wife in Italy does not keep the agreement. Every day all four of us have to play our harp or violin for him in snowy, rainy, cold, or hot weather, without his having any consideration for us, but hardly clothed and half starved, when we every day bring him seven or eight dollars, and on Saturdays ten dollars. In two years he has sent his wife in Italy $2000, and $1400 he has now in his trunk. He does not give us enough to eat, and if we complain, he locks us up in his room where he boards, and slaps and kicks us. Every day he gives us mush and beans, and threatens us, if we complain to your illustrious Highness, here or in Italy, he will have somebody to kill us. Now we beg of your illustrious Highness, do not tell of us that we are the ones who beg to you, because we will be glad to be arrested with him, and sent to Italy with our own money. Be very careful to advise the police to come very quietly in the direction we will give you, otherwise he has spies who will tell him, and he will run away, and we will have to follow him, because we have not a cent, and then he would take our instruments from us, and leave us in the street.

"Your Excellency will strictly tell the police of the city, and will give the following name: 'Giovanni Ramagnani, with four boys,' and the police will find us in surely if they come in the morning at seven o'clock. The money made out of our labor he keeps in a trunk in our room. Finally, we hope that your Excellency will give us justice, and punish this tyrant as an assassin and a cruel man. In his trunk he keeps many little things that he made us steal. The address is No. 15 Franklin Street, Syracuse, New York, Italian boarding-house."

The letter (of which we have given the translation) showing undoubted marks of genuineness, the officers of the society were sent in pursuit of Ramagnani, tracked him to Utica, brought him before the Recorder of that city, by whom he was fined fifty dollars, and compelled to pay the boys fifty dollars each. The eldest of the four was sent to friends in Canada; the other three were returned to their homes in Italy. Last November the society succeeded in arresting the king of the padrones, Antonio Giovanni Ancarola, who had just arrived at Castle Garden with seven boys, the youngest barely eleven years of age, and the oldest not over fourteen. After a search of several days, this padrone was found in a low resort of this city, and brought before a United States Commissioner. Very promptly he was indicted by the Grand Jury, and put on trial in the United States Court. It was proved that he had obtained one of the boys for four years by paying the parents ten dollars, and another by paying twenty. Such a contract is contrary to Italian law, and the smuggling of these boys into the United States for the purpose of using them as wandering minstrels or peddlers is a violation of a recent law of Congress. Ancarola was found guilty; the penalty is a fine up to $5000, and imprisonment not exceeding five years. He was sentenced to imprisonment for five years and the payment of a fine of one dollar. This is the first conviction under the new statute, and the society may be congratulated on its success.

Most of the work of this society is very homely; it is all a work of detail. "It is only a child" that is in each instance saved, but the saving makes one recruit the less for the ranks of pauperism or crime. The flow of the stream of misery is arrested at its fountain, and that is a wise economy. Frequently a boy is found in the service of public performers whose daily portion is kicking, cuffing, and beating for mistakes. Children have been known to be half starved that they may be kept light in weight for use on the stage. Even children's *Pinafore* exhibitions entail hardships to which no one of tender years should be subjected. The boys and girls are deprived of their natural rest, lose all modesty very quickly, and when the troupe is broken up are apt to find their way to the slums of the city, "where they eke out a precarious livelihood by singing and dancing. Many of the girls end in dance-houses and concert saloons." The rescue of children from intemperate parents is an office of humanity which would be imperfectly discharged were not this society at hand in the persons of its agents to render service in the moment of need. One mother, in a fit of frenzy, throws her babe out of a window; another beats her child with a cat-o'-nine-tails; another, sodden with drink, lets her little one fall from her arms, and goes on unheeding the loss; more frequently both parents are so intemperate that their children are brought to the verge of starvation. Now and then a child is found nestling in the bosom of a dead mother—dead from vice and drink. These waifs are picked up and committed to the care of asylums. The number of children rescued from such horrors in 1879 was 700. Thus through all the degrees of the social scale, from the Rev. Edward Cowley down to the mother whom intemperance has made brutal to her little one, this society has scope for its benevolent energies. Its president, Mr. Elbridge Gerry, brings to the duties of his position a large experience, an ample knowledge of the law, and the spirit of humanity. No doubt he and his associates are often cheered by those ever-to-be-remembered words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." George R. Crooks.

[Continued from No. 1219, Page 299.]

ALL THROUGH BROWN!

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "For Her Sake," "Coward Conscience," "Second-Cousin Sarah," etc.

We found the trap waiting for us at the "Warrior's Head." It was a four-wheeled chaise, with a strange-looking yellow horse to draw it: a very tall horse, with pointed ears, which were a source of attraction to all the flies in Muddleborough.

"I always drive this mare," said Brown; "there's mettle in her."

"What's she stamping about with her hind-legs for? Isn't she comfortable?"

"She's anxious to be off. She pants for freedom under the bright blue dome of heaven, Ginger, as we do," he said, eloquently. "Jump up."

We jumped up. The hostler saw us out of the stable gates into the main road, along which we started at a dashing pace. There was no nonsense about that mare; she meant business; she knew she had a character to maintain, and she might have been anxious to prove it. Though she was scarcely an elegant animal to look at, she was a wonderfully good one to go; for slap, dash, we were out of Muddleborough into the country before we knew where we were. That horse was full of mettle!

"Can't you hold her in a bit?" I ventured to suggest, in a gentle manner.

"I'm trying—but I can't. We are going a little too fast, perhaps, ain't we?"

"I think so."

"How she pulls! Hold on a bit, too, with the reins, Ginger, will you?"

I did so, and then we both remarked that the mare was fresh.

"Not so fresh as you were last night, Ginger," said Brown, when the jolting of the vehicle allowed him to get his joke out.

The animal had "toned" down by this time, but there was an extraordinary amount of spurt in her still. She took everything as a personal affront, which must have rendered life somewhat of a burden to her. When we came to the turnpike, the collector's apron was an indignity which led the beast to back rapidly toward the ditch, and when the collector held out his hand for the money, up went the mare on her hind-legs, and began sparring at him.

"Got her out again, then, Mr. Brown?" the toll-keeper said.

"Yes, she's out."

"Hope you'll get on better this afternoon."

"Thankee."

"What does he mean by getting on better?" I inquired, when we were off again.

"I don't know."

"Brown, you *do* know!"

"Somebody teased the horse last time, and it bolted for a little way. That's all."

"Is it likely to bolt for a little way this time?"

"Stuff and nonsense! If I don't understand horses, who does?"

I couldn't answer this. It was too much of a conundrum.

"There isn't a horse that's my master, I can tell you, Ginger. There isn't a— Here they are."

"Where?"

"Standing by the stile. There's Tilda—she's waving her handkerchief at us. So's the aunt."

"They had better not do that," I remarked, for the mare was on her hind-legs again, flaunting her hoofs as if in friendly recognition. "If they keep waving, I shall get down," I said.

But they left off, and we drove up to the ladies.

"Lor, Mr. Brown, is that you?" said Tilda, with surprise and a giggle.

Artful young woman was Tilda McRashie—a tall, thin, bony girl, with fuzzy light hair and a Gainsborough hat. And the aunt—well, one look at her was sufficient. I shall never forget her. I wished I had not come out with Brown now, very much. She was forty-five to begin with—she was very stout and short, and was dressed exactly like Tilda—Gainsborough hat and fluffy yellow hair as well. She was fluffier even than her niece. I was perfectly certain that both those girls had been at my Golden Hair Wash.

"Miss McRashie, I am delighted to see you, I am sure. This is indeed fortunate," said Brown.

"I don't see why it is fortunate—indeed I don't," said Tilda, pertly.

"If you and Miss Gogarty will so far honor us as to allow us the pleasure of driving you back to Muddleborough, we shall—really—esteem ourselves most fortunate and— *Wo!*"

The mare had caught the word Muddleborough, and was turning homeward. It was a most remarkable horse, full of intelligence, but impulsive.

"But you are going in the other direction, Mr. Brown. La! how silly you are!" said Tilda, with another laugh. Keen sense of humor, Tilda.

"If you ladies will deign to accompany us for a little drive before we turn," said Brown, with great effusiveness, "for a few minutes—if you only would!"

"Do you think pa would mind, aunt?" asked the innocent Tilda.

The aunt reflected.

"My dear, I don't like to advise. You know what your papa is—I shouldn't like to say."

"We have walked a long distance, and you are tired, aunt."

"Well, my dear, I am a little tired, but then—"

There was a conversation in a lower tone, a few more persuasive words from Mr. Brown, and then the ladies were assisted into the four-wheeler, Tilda by the side of Brown, and the aunt and myself on the back seat.

"You will permit me to introduce you to my friend Mr. Pontifax, Miss Gogarty—Pontifax the poet."

"Cha-a-armed," said Miss Gogarty, with the sweetest and broadest smile, as she acknowledged the introduction, and sat down. She wedged me into a smaller compass than nature had intended I should be wedged at any time, and it became difficult to breathe. Brown's calling me by a false name helped to make my breath short, too: he was full of surprises. I began to think I didn't care so much for Brown, after all; but it was pleasant to be called a poet, and considered a poet, though for a fleeting hour or two, at half a crown an hour.

"Make yourself agreeable to the old girl," whispered Brown to me. "I rely upon you."

"I—I'll try."

"Talk loud—she's a little deaf, and she won't hear us.—Miss Gogarty, I hope you've plenty of room?"

"Oh yes, thank you," with another blaze of smiles at Brown, "if I am not inconveniencing Mr. Pontifax."

Then she smiled at me, and I remembered that I was Pontifax.

"Not at all. I—"

"Hold on," cried Brown; "we're off now."

He said that after we *were* off, for the horse, with a mighty leap, had dashed into action in response to Brown's whip, and Miss Gogarty and I had knocked our heads together.

"Oh! good gracious!" and then Miss G. felt the Gainsborough hat and the back hair, and pronged me in the eye with the tips of her parasol, and took some time to recover the shock of the start. She gave me time for reflection, too, and to wonder why I was there, and where Mrs. Kirkpatrick was, and where the buckle and strap of my stock had gone; for they had burst out again, and were flourishing somewhere behind.

I talked to Miss Gogarty presently. I began to settle down to the position, and to make myself agreeable. This should never occur again, under any circumstances whatever; but, as the present circumstances *had* occurred, it was philosophy to make the best of them. As we drove on gayly through the country, Brown talked "soft nothings" to Tilda, and I talked "hard nothings" to her aunt. I spoke of poetry; so did Miss Gogarty, and I found I was nowhere in the argument. She knew more about Keats and Shelley, and Jones and Tupper, and other gentlemen, than I knew about Golden Hair Wash; she quoted reams of them; she overwhelmed me with her knowledge; she took me into her confidence, and confessed that she had written a great deal of verse herself, and that it was all in manuscript in her lodgings at Camden Town; she quoted a few reams of that too, with her eyes in "a fine frenzy rolling." It began to dawn upon me that Miss Gogarty was mad—not quietly mad, but raving—and that Brown and Tilda had been aware of this from the first.

Miss Gogarty talked to me of the delight of meeting a kindred soul, of the bond of sympathy naturally existent between two beings who could pour out their warmest feelings into verse, and I got a little frightened.

"And to think you can stand aloof from the world, and devote your best energies to the Muses, Mr. Pontifax. How I envy you!"

"Yes, it's—it's very nice."

"To think that the world can not step between you and your aspirations, and say, 'This work shalt thou do before the sun sets, O slave.'"

Before sunset to-morrow there was Mrs. Muselwhite's wig to do up, but I did not tell her so; it might have lowered me. Besides, I was far from certain that that old flaxen-fuzzy switch of Miss Gogarty's was of Nature's growth. It was not the exact shade of the front portion, and my wife had sold something like it last evening, when I was with Brown at the "Fox and Goose." Was I near a work of my own creation? How singular are the ways of Destiny!

"You are independent, Mr. Brown tells me," she said.

"Does he really?"

"I have a little competence of my own too," she said, with a heavy sigh; "but life is very lonely."

"Is it, ma'am?"

"I know no one of my own tastes and sentiments now. Oh, Mr. Pontifax, I am very lonely indeed!" and here Miss Gogarty suddenly gushed over and cried copiously, with her white pocket-handkerchief crammed into her mouth to keep the sobs down.

"Aren't you well?" I asked, nervously.

"Hush! hush!—don't let them hear you. I am thinking of the past."

"If you'd only think of what a beautiful afternoon it is!"

"—Of the past when I was not lonely, before he went abroad and caught something which stuck to him. Oh, my poor Alonzo!"

Yes, I saw it all very clearly. This was too bad of Brown. Miss McRashie's aunt was a lunatic, and those two in front had constituted me her keeper whilst they "spooned." What should I do? Miss Gogarty had given way in earnest, and was resting her head on my shoulder. This materially interfered with the balance, as Miss Gogarty was heavy, and I had to hold on by her waist to keep myself in the chaise at all. Miss McRashie looked round and giggled dreadfully, then she nudged Brown, who looked round too and roared with laughter.

"Bravo, Ponty, my boy! you are getting on famously," said he.

"What do you mean by famously, sir? what do you— Oh, lor, Montgomery, look at the railway station!"

"Mrs. Kirkpatrick, by Gosh!" cried Brown, whipping the mare violently, and turning her head with the rapidity of a penny boat at London Bridge.

But it was too late; we were discovered. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, being of a suspicious turn of mind, had followed Brown and me to the "Warrior's Head," and afterward taken the Sunday train from Muddleborough to the first station out—six miles run through a beautiful bit of country—where she had, full of womanly instinct, but pitiful jealousy, waited for us in a Boiling mood. And then up we came, and round we went, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick saw, with an eagle's glance, that my arm was encircling the waist of Miss Gogarty.

I have hinted before that an ill-trained girlhood, combined with many years of her own way, had rendered Mrs. Kirkpatrick somewhat hasty, but I was not prepared for quite so much haste as she exhibited on this occasion. Her feelings had been roused before our arrival, and as we appeared in sight they were let loose.

"Come out of that cart," she screamed, like a fog-signal, "you base deceiver! How dare you behave like this!"

We had swung round by this time, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick was hanging on behind, and hammering at me with her umbrella.

"My dear, I assure you it's all a mistake," I said, warding off the blows as well as I could. "It's not my fault; it's all—through Brown."

"Come out of that cart, you wicked monster—come out directly."

"My dear woman, it's suicide to jump. Wait a mo-mo-mo-ment."

We were going at full speed, but Mrs. Kirkpatrick hung on behind, and ran with us like a lapwing.

"Stop the mare, Brown; there'll be murder done!" I cried; but Gommery was deaf to my entreaties, or the act was impossible.

"Oh, Mr. Pontifax, who is this dreadful woman?" asked Miss Gogarty, white with alarm, and more clinging in her nature than ever.

"Who are you calling a woman, you brazen hussy? I'll let you know what it is to sit there cuddling other people's husbands! Take that!"

That was her last blow for the dignity of the married estate. It was all done with the back of the umbrella. Smash! bash! scrape! and away came all the back hair of Miss Gogarty on to the hook, and there was Mrs. Kirkpatrick in a sitting posture in the middle of the road, looking as furious as a red Indian with a scalp trophy waving at the end of her war-hatchet.

"Let me out!" I cried; but the appeal was useless. A terrible yell from Miss Gogarty had precipitated the climax, and frightened the mare, and we were off at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Talk of Johnny Gilpin's ride to Edmonton, or Tam o' Shanter, or the Bronze Horse, or anything suggestive of equine velocity—they were all nowhere! Mrs. Kirkpatrick disappeared from our sight; the hedges, ditches, trees, seemed to race by as to an accompaniment of women's screams and Montgomery's bad words; something whirled past that might have been an aerolite, but which was Gommery's white hat; there was a tremendous bumping and swaying of the vehicle as we oscillated between the high-road and the foot-path; there was a pig run over, and then Miss Gogarty and I, still clinging to each other, ascended into space, and came down violently and indecorously in the middle of a blackberry hedge. We were very much shaken, we had burst a little in the tighter portions of our wardrobe, we had scratched our faces, but we had broken nothing of importance. Montgomery and Tilda were still careering at the old pace toward Muddleborough: it was a straight piece of road, and when Miss Gogarty and I recovered our senses, there were the horse and chaise a speck in the distance, Montgomery pulling his hardest, and Tilda, with her arms round his neck, refusing to leave go, and hampering him dreadfully.

"They'll be smashed to pieces," said Miss Gogarty.

"Yes—I shouldn't wonder."

"What will her father say? Oh, Mr. Pontifax, why did you drag me into this?"

I did not answer her; my heart was too full for words, and I was anxious to get to Muddleborough.

"I can't go through the town like this," said the aunt, tetchily, "and I won't."

"What do you think of doing?"

"I shall stop at the next cottage, and you must send a conveyence for me. Look at my rags! look at my back hair!"

"I'll send anything you like; but you will allow me to respectfully suggest that my wife is rapidly advancing in the rear, and I can not answer for the consequences."

"Oh, good gracious! let us get on. Oh, that dreadful woman! I wouldn't be overtaken for the world."

"It's as well not—to-day."

"And she *is* your wife?"

"Certainly she is."

Miss Gogarty gave me one last look of withering scorn, and hissed forth, "Miscreant!"

"It was no fault of mine."

"It was a deeply laid scheme to deceive me."

"I assure you it was all through Brown."

"I'll Brown him—when I get home."

"I would, ma'am; and if you'll tell him from me—"

"Hold your tongue, sir!"

And I did. I did not speak another word to Tilda's aunt—we had no more to say to each other—we walked all the way to Muddleborough in stony silence.

At the turnpike I asked for news.

"Have they gone through?"

"Oh yes, they have gone through," growled an old woman in attendance; and "I'll have the law of the lot of you presently," roared forth the collector, from the interior, where he was nursing a foot three times its natural size. Brown had driven over that. It was unintentional, but it had hurt just the same.

In the streets of Muddleborough there was turmoil. There was a crowd of men and boys waiting for us, to begin with.

"Here's the other two!—here's the rest of 'em!—hooray!" cried the boys. "Where's the old gal's back hair gone?" some fiend in human shape screamed; and one sharp voice, that cut like a razor, said, "Why, it's the hornimental barber! I'll tell your wife, you waggybone!"

The crowd thickened as we walked on. There were bits of the chaise in the high-road; there was the red letter-box at the corner of the street all askew, and there was a plate-glass window broken at the tobacconist's, but that was a judgment upon him for opening on Sundays. Lastly, thank Heaven, there was McRashie's, No. 200, and a large portion of the towns-folk staring up at the premises as though they were on fire. Two police constables and McRashie himself were on the door-step. Miss Gogarty thought it advisable to faint, and was carried in. I should have been glad to faint too, but did not see clearly how to manage it.

"Has Brown come home?" I asked, faintly.

"He has come home—on a shutter," said Mr. McRashie, sternly.

"Not dead?"

"No; cracked."

"And Miss McRashie?"

"She's as right, sir, as fits will allow her to be; but," he shouted, "what the devil's business, sir, is that of yours? How dare you, sir, a married man of your years, encourage this sort of thing? How—how— I'll have you drummed out of the town along with that scamp Brown—see if I don't!"

"Shall we put him under the pump, guv'nor?" asked a dirty-faced brute at my elbow.

"No, no bloodshed," said McRashie. "Leave the wretch alone. He'll hear more of this presently."

I heard a great deal more of it from Mrs. Kirkpatrick that very evening. I have heard a great deal of it since. The wife of my bosom has never believed the story, and refuses to let me go out of doors till the shop's shut, and she can come with me. I have a very bad name in the town; my moral friends look askance at me; the trade has gone down. The Golden Showery Flowery Hair Renovator is not what it was, and all the respectable folk have their hair cut at Clipper's in the next street. There has been an action for damages from the tobacconist, another from the "Warrior's Head" for the horse (the horse hasn't been well since), a claim from Farmer Brown for killing his sow, which he had been four months fattening for the London market, a demand from the government authorities for damage done to the letter-box, a summons from the police for furious driving, and a call from the toll-collector for medical attendance. And it was all through Brown, who left Muddleborough without paying his share of the expenses. He never married Matilda McRashie. She gave him up, and accepted Biles, the undertaker, a man in a good way of business, and likely to get the next burial contract from the parish. Brown wouldn't have made her a good husband, and she's well out of it.

THE END.

THE CONCERT SEASON.

The last concert of the Philharmonic Society may be considered the finale of the musical season. It forms the close of the regular series of concerts, according to which the beginning and end of the season are generally reckoned. Among the musical entertainments which follow this year only two are of any importance. These are the annual chamber-music concert of our favorite 'cellist Mr. Bergner, who will have the assistance of Mr. Theodore Thomas, and Professor Ritter's lecture, with musical illustrations, on the development of the string quartette. Of course there will be the usual number of débuts, when the débutantes will emerge from obscurity for an evening, only to disappear from the musical horizon, having given additional impulse to the floral industry of the city. These young ladies are generally of the vocal species. They have studied with a mediocre instructor in New York, have sung for some celebrity abroad, from whom they have received a few formal compliments, and have returned to America with the idea that their native land has one more vocalist to be proud of.

This season has been remarkable for three important events: it has established the Symphony Society on so firm a basis that its friends need not worry as to its future, it has revived the Philharmonic Society, and it has brought Theodore Thomas from Cincinnati.

It is evident that the success of the novelties produced by the Symphony Society has added greatly to the reputation the society gained for itself last season, the first of its existence. A fine performance and several repetitions of *La Damnation de Faust*, by Berlioz, was beyond a doubt the most important event in musical circles for many years; and Dr. Damrosch displayed the same energy in the performance of the Ninth Symphony, and the production of selections from Wagner's *Siegfried* at the society's last concert.

The Philharmonic Society, to which several generations of New-Yorkers are indebted for their musical education, has had so many vicissitudes during late years that the fine attendance this season must have been doubly gratifying to its friends. A lady who heard not long after the beginning of this century what in those days was considered a first-class concert, told me that the programme consisted of solos and duets on the Jew's-harp, and that the song which was most loudly applauded was composed to the words,

> "I'm o'er young to marry yet;
> I'm o'er young to marry yet;
> I'm o'er young; 'twould be a sin
> To take me from my mammy yet."

It was from such concerts that the Philharmonic Society rescued our fathers and grandfathers, and until recent years it has invariably prospered. About six years ago, when Bergmann, who had for a long time been the conductor of the society, began to lose his powers, Theodore Thomas became a serious rival, and the last few seasons that Bergmann conducted, Thomas drew away many of the former subscribers of the old organization. In 1876 the society elected Dr. Damrosch its conductor. But as one season under that accomplished musician could not bring back the lost prestige, Theodore Thomas became leader of the Philharmonic Society, which he had fought for so many years. Under him the organization recovered a good deal of lost ground. When Thomas departed for Cincinnati, the society foolishly elected Mr. A. Neuendorf to conduct its concerts. There were grave doubts as to its surviving the unsuccessful season which followed. Fortunately this year Mr. Thomas has come on from Cincinnati, and has lifted the Philharmonic to its former influential position. The most important novelty produced by the society this season has been part of the third act of the *Götterdämmerung*. Next season, when Mr. Thomas will make New York his head-quarters, and when he may have the assistance of a chorus, we may look for some of those wonderful programmes which bear evidence to his ambition and his good judgment in an equal degree.

Various reasons are offered in explanation of Mr. Thomas's rupture with the Cincinnati College of Music. Some who regard the matter from a politico-economical stand-point attribute it to his refusal to conduct the orchestra with a ham bone, and his thus casting a slur on the chief industry of the city. The fact is that Mr. Thomas had certain ideas concerning the manner of conducting a musical institute of which he was musical director. As these views clashed with those of the president of the college and of the board of directors, Mr. Thomas handed in his resignation, which, foolishly enough, was accepted.

Of course his return to us is a great gain for New York. There is no reason why we should not support Thomas and Damrosch with equal cordiality. Both can boast of superb musical equipments, both are accomplished leaders of orchestra, and both have given concerts here which have made New York the most prominent musical centre in this country.

In addition to the regular orchestra performances, there have been concerts of chamber music which have attracted attention. Among these, mention should be made of the concerts of the Philharmonic Club, and of those given by Mr. W. Müller and Mr. Adolphe Fisher.

Gustav Kobbé.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMY'S QUEST.

Unconscious of the interest she had awakened in Mr. Richard Dartmoor's breast, and even of that individual's existence, Amy sped down the just-awakening Mews, her presence causing a rubbing of eyes and scratching of heads among the few stable-men who were standing at their doors, which, however, ended in a yawn, and a retirement to the harness-room fire, when she disappeared into Rutherford's house. Sally herself let her in, in a costume that might almost have been a ball dress, there was so very little of it, and with an astonishment depicted on her round red face seldom seen except in masks at Christmas-time.

"Why, what in Heaven's name, Miss Thurlow, brings *you* here?" she exclaimed; "and in a mornin' like this, too, as would be hard upon a polar bear?"

"Trouble, Sally; great anxiety and trouble upon my sister's account. Mr. Helston has not come home."

"God 'a mercy! you don't say so!"

"Yes, I do. Of course it has alarmed us very much. But how is it you have had no anxiety upon your own account? We thought that John's being absent also was a good sign, so far as my brother-in-law was concerned; unless, indeed, some accident might have happened to both of them."

"But John ain't absent, praise be to God! John be here!" exclaimed Mrs. Rutherford.

"John at home! your husband come back! Oh, Sally, what *can* it mean?"

"I don't know, Miss Amy, but I'll soon find out." She spoke with vehemence, and even anger; but as she placed her foot upon the stairs to ascend them, she paused, and a change came over her honest face.

"What is it?" cried Amy, in a quick low voice, and seizing the other's arm. "What is it you *fear*, Sally? I adjure you to tell me all."

"I fear nothing, ma'am; leastways I fear nothing on John's account. He's as straight as a die—yes, I am sure he is, though he goes more often to the 'Sun' than I approve of, and mixes there with folks as can do him no good. Oh, depend upon it, Miss Amy, whatever has happened, my John has clean hands."

"What do you mean by clean hands, woman?—hands without blood on them?" cried Amy, in intense excitement.

"Lor' bless you, miss, don't ye talk like that, or I shall have fits," sobbed Sally. "I did have fits when John was brought home inside his cab instead of a-top of it, when he was run over by the 'bus. Don't bring 'em on agin with talking o' blood. No; what I meant was, if aught has happened to them di'monds, my John has no more to do with it than your dear sister's two months' babe. It ain't in his nature to covet another man's goods, far less to steal 'em. Don't be hard upon him, Miss Amy; you're thinking of that poaching business down at Latbury; but that's neither here nor there. Rich folks and poor folks will never agree about game; but stealin' is quite a different matter; and as to them di'monds—"

"Never mind the diamonds!" cried Amy, impatiently. "I want to know about Matthew—"

"Stand here, then, on the stairs, and you shall hear all John knows about him from his own lips," answered Sally, in a voice that could not be gainsaid. What she meant was that she had that trust and confidence in her husband that Amy herself might judge, from his own tone and manner, whether he was guilty or not—a plan which was put in effect at once, in this wise: the door at the head of the stairs opened directly into the conjugal chamber, so that to one who stood on the upper flight every word spoken by the occupants of the room could be distinctly heard. To this post of vantage Mrs. Rutherford beckoned Amy up, and then proceeded to rouse her unconscious spouse. "John! John!"

"Um—ah! what is it, lass?" murmured a thick and sleepy voice.

"What time did you come home last night?"

"What's that to you? Late enough to want some *hextra* sleep this morning. Can't you let a body be?"

"No, I can't, or leastways sha'n't, till you have answered my question. What time did you come home?"

"Well, about four o'clock, and a most cussed morning it was."

"But you never took Master Matthew home as usual?"

"Um—ah! well, that's queer; no more I did, now I come to think about it; but how should *you* know?"

"Never you mind; I do know it. And he ain't come home yet, and it's going on for eight-o'clock."

"Well, let it go. I've answered your question, and that's enuff; just stop your cackle. Not another word I'll say, s'help me Bob." And John rolled over in his bed like an indignant porpoise.

"John—John Rutherford!" cried a clear, firm voice from the stairs without, "listen to me. I am Miss Thurlow, whom you know, and I am come about my dear brother, Matthew Helston."

To see John's face as this statement reached his ears was indeed a picture. If his wife had flung the tea-kettle, which had just begun to spit and sputter on the fire, at his head, and herself after it, he would probably have been considerably less astonished. His first idea was the inadequateness of his own appearance and surroundings to the honor thus unexpectedly conferred upon him, and he snatched at the garments which plentifully bestrewed his bed, and drew them about his neck, as Diana might have seized her dressing jacket, anyhow, when surprised by Actæon. Only John was infinitely more surprised than Diana was. His face was purple from the painful sense of the indelicacy of his position; and the voice in which he besought his wife, in a moving whisper, to say a few words for him, was absolutely apoplectic.

"If you'll only go a little lower down the stairs, Miss Amy," said Sally, touched by the embarrassment of her spouse, "John will put on his clothes in a twinkling, and give you every explanation."

Accordingly in two minutes John appeared at the head of the stairs in his ordinary in-door apparel, and humbly submitted himself to examination.

"What I have come about, John, is, of course, Mr. Helston's absence. Why is he not come home?"

"Well, Miss Amy, I will not deceive you; nor, indeed, is there any call so to do, since there is really nothing much amiss. What I thought was that Master Matthew would ha' come home of himself long afore this hour, or I should have gone to the Grove the first thing and let you know about it; but the fact is, he seemed rather bad last night—and such a night as it was, too!—with his cough, and Lady Pargiter she kep' him in Moor Street because of it."

"Lady Pargiter kept him in Moor Street?"

"Well, yes, Miss Amy; it did rather astonish me, I own, for I should ha' thought Master Matthew was one to go home in any case. But it did blow and snow as never was, and her ladyship asked him to take a bed for the night—leastways young Six-foot said so—and so he stopped."

"It is incredible!" exclaimed Amy.

"I thought it a rum go myself, miss," assented John.

It was a peculiarity of Amy's never to fly off at a tangent (as is somewhat the habit of her sex) from any subject, but to sift and winnow it until she got at firm ground.

"Did Mr. Helston tell you he was ill?"

"No, miss; I only gathered it from his appearance—he looked ill and pale like—and from his cough."

"But would you have noticed all that if the footman had not told you that my brother-in-law was going to remain in Moor Street?"

"Well, I don't think I should, miss."

It was, therefore, it seemed, no sudden or serious attack of illness that had caused Matthew to accept the offer of a hospitality so unexpected, and, as she was well convinced, so unwelcome, as that of Lady Pargiter. John's manner was perfectly honest and straightforward; she had no doubt that he was telling her the truth, and yet the truth was so inconceivable.

"No message was given you as to how long Mr. Helston meant to stay?" she continued.

"No, miss; it was snowing heavy at the time, so I didn't ask no questions; and the truth is, I was very glad to be let go straight home myself."

"You understood, however, that Mr. Helston would return in the morning, when the storm abated, and before our household were up, so that he would not be missed?"

"Yes, miss, that was just it; otherwise I should ha' gone to the Grove and let you know what had happened."

"I suppose I can have a cab at once?" said Amy, after a moment's reflection; "not yours, of course, for both horse and man must be tired."

"I'll call one, miss, from the 'verandar'," answered Mrs. Rutherford, who had been a witness from an upper step to all that passed. Several of the cab-driving inhabitants of the Mews were by this time astir, and the vehicle was procured immediately. "Now shall I go with you, Miss Amy?" said Sally. "It's only just puttin' on my bonnet—"

"No, I thank you," answered Amy, gratefully. "I shall do very well by myself." She felt it kind of the good woman, but also that her society would just then be insupportable. A talkative, superficial companion is one of the greatest aggravations to anxiety, and poor Amy was still very anxious: her thoughts of robbery and murder had, it was true, been dispelled, but in their place had come a scarcely less dreadful sense of apprehension upon Matthew's account. In his sane mind, and having the physical ability to get home, it was incredible that he should have preferred to remain even for a few hours in Moor Street. Was it not possible that his brain, overwrought with recent anxiety on Sabey's account, in addition to his usual burden of care, had suddenly given way? Throughout her journey to Moor Street, in reality tardy by reason of the opposing wind and snow, but which seemed to her nervous impatience to last for hours, she felt as if she was going mad herself.

At last the long, tall street was reached, looking more gaunt and grim through the driving sleet even than usual. Though it was near nine o'clock, not a sign of awakening life was visible; the blinds and shutters were all closed, as though each house had held a tenant recently deceased; even the hum of the neighboring traffic was inaudible, hushed by the new-fallen snow.

Though Sir Charles Pargiter's residence showed no more vitality about it than the rest, all within it were not sunk in slumber, for the cabman's summons brought one of the "Six-foots" (as John Rutherford had termed them) to the door with even greater rapidity than was usual during afternoon-call time.

His attire, it is true, was not so complete or spotless as at that period: he was, in fact, in a very dirty undress jacket; and the powder in his hair was what the War Office would have described as "damaged"—it was evidently the powder of the previous night.

"What is it now?" he inquired, in a surly tone, and holding the door open only a very little way.

"I have brought a fare here," said the cabman, "as is come to inquire after a Mr. Helston."

"What, *another!*" cried the footman, with cynical mirth. "Why, I'm blessed if the town ain't gone mad about that man."

"Is not Mr. Helston here?" inquired Amy, who had now herself left the cab, and made her way up the slippery steps. "Is he better and gone home, then?"

"If you mean the gent from Mr. Signet's, ma'am, he was here this morning to fetch her ladyship's jewels as usual, but that is all we know about him."

"What? Did not your mistress ask him to stay on account of the bad weather, and because of his own ill health? I have been certainly told so."

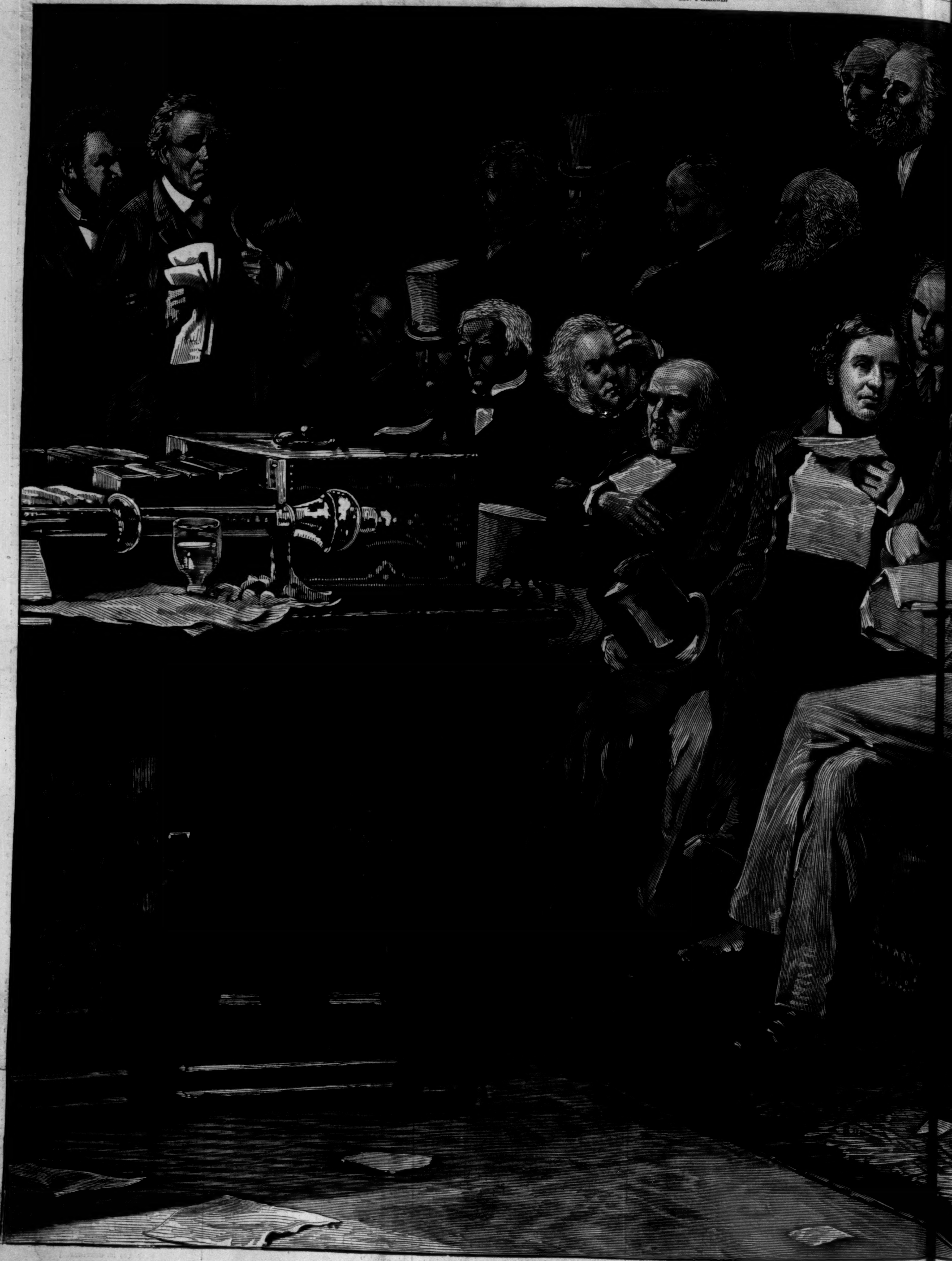
"Then, indeed, ma'am, you've been told—well, what certainly ain't the fact." The footman's face spoke volumes; and what it said was, that of all the brilliant fictions ever invented, that idea of Lady Pargiter having asked the gent from Signet's to stay the night in Moor Street, because he had a cold in his head, did the greatest credit to the human imagination.

"But his cabman tells me that he left him here," exclaimed poor Amy, in great distress, which, somehow, the very vulgarity and absurdity of the scene seemed to enhance.

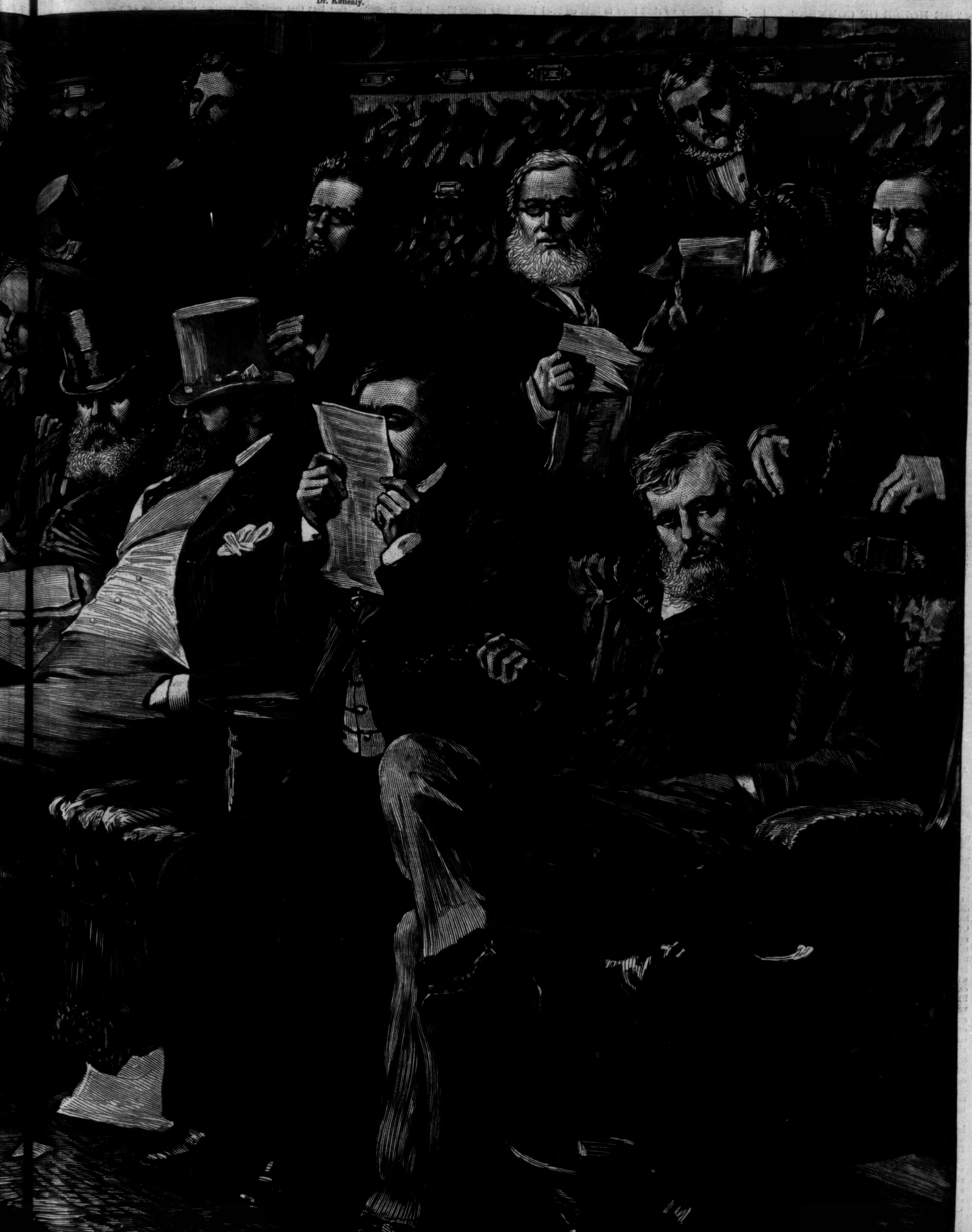
"His *kebman!*" repeated the footman, contemptuously; "kebmen will say anything to oblige their fares; or, for the matter of that, he may have robbed and murdered the gent hisself, and tried to lay it to our door for want of a better— At all events, Mr. Helston ain't here, ma'am," he added, more kindly, seeing that at his misplaced pleasantry Amy grew deadly pale; "he came at three o'clock, so my mate the footman tells me, and went away in about half an hour as usual, with her ladyship's diamonds; and that's all as we knows about it, I do assure you."

The man had either learned his lesson so well that his testimony was not to be shaken, or, what seemed much more probable, he was speaking the truth. Amy said no more; but, dazed with dismay and terror, and not knowing what to think or what to fear, she hurried back into the cab, and bade the man drive to Poulet Street.

[to be continued.]


Sir Charles Dilke.
Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Plimsoll.
Mr. Lowe.
Mr. Bright.
Mr. Gladstone.
Sir W. V. Harcourt.

THE RECENT HOUSE OF COMMONS—THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH—A LATE SITTI AT


Dr. Kenealy.
Mr. Childers.
The Marquis of Hartington.
Mr. Goschen.
Mr. Forster.

SITTI AT THE END OF THE SESSION.—From the Picture by Mr. Wyllie.—[See Page 314.]

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Our double page, engraved from a large painting by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, shows the front Opposition bench in the House of Commons as it was before the recent election. The most conspicuous figure is that of the Marquis of Hartington, now Secretary of State for India. His full length is in view, leaning back in the seat, with crossed legs, the left hand in his pocket, wearing a white waistcoat and white hat. Mr. Childers, now Secretary of State for War, who sits at his right hand, is listening to Sir Vernon Harcourt, who seems to be pointing out something in the paper which he holds. The gentleman holding the paper close to his eyes, who sits at the left hand of Lord Hartington, is Mr. Goschen; while Mr. W. E. Forster, now Chief Secretary for Ireland, with double eye-glass in hand, lounging in a rather unceremonious attitude, sits at the lower end of the bench, which is shown at the right-hand side of the engraving. Next Mr. Childers, on a level with the Clerk's table and the mace laid upon it, is Sir W. V. Harcourt, now Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Beyond are seated the oldest and most distinguished chiefs of the Liberal party; Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Robert Lowe occupying the posts of honor, and confronting the Ministerial leaders across the table. Their figures are not much shown in the picture, but their familiar faces will at once be recognized; Mr. Gladstone's right hand is laid on his breast, and he seems to be an attentive listener to what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is saying. It is not Mr. Gladstone's habit ever to keep his head covered in the House, nor was it the habit of Mr. Disraeli when he sat there; but Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell always did: that quaint old fashion seems to be dying out.

Among the persons of secondary political importance, yet worthy of note, who are seen in the background, we remark Mr. Henry Fawcett, with dark spectacles, and Sir Charles Dilke, standing, at the left-hand side of the engraving, behind the table; Mr. Plimsoll, seated behind Mr. Bright and Mr. Lowe; and Dr. Kenealy, recently deceased, at the back of Lord Hartington. The places occupied by these do not indicate any particular degree of close relation to the leaders of the Opposition party. Most of the seats on the back benches and below the gangway are appropriated by members on each side of the House at their own free choice; and they are accustomed to stick their cards in the small brass frames fixed to the backs of the benches, which are visible in our illustration.

The hall in which the House of Commons holds its meetings measures only seventy-five feet by forty-five. At the north end is the Speaker's chair, and beneath it the Clerk's table, on which, supported on brackets, as shown in the picture, rests the mace, which was made at the Restoration, in place of "the fool's bauble," which Cromwell ordered to be taken away. The Ministerial benches are on the right of the Speaker, and the leaders of the Opposition sit on the left. On either side of the hall are the division lobbies, the "Ayes" on the west, the "Noes" on the east.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1216.]

FELLOW-TOWNSMEN.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Distracted Young Preacher," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

Twenty-one years and six months do not pass without setting a mark even upon durable stone and triple brass: upon humanity such a period works nothing less than transformation. In Barnet's old birth-place vivacious young children with bones like India rubber had grown up to be stable men and women; men and women had dried in the skin, stiffened, withered, and sunk into decrepitude; while selections from every class had been consigned to the outlying cemetery. Of inorganic differences the greatest was that a railway had invaded the town, tying it on to a main line at a junction twenty miles off. Barnet's house on the harbor road, once so insistently new, had acquired a respectable mellowness, with ivy, Virginia creepers, lichens, damp patches, and even constitutional infirmities of its own, like its elder fellows. Its architecture, once so very improved and modern, had already become stale in style, without having reached the dignity of being old-fashioned. Trees about the harbor road had increased in circumference or disappeared under the saw; while the church had had such a tremendous practical joke played upon it by some facetious restorer or other as to be unrecognizable by its dearest old friends.

During this long interval George Barnet had never once been seen or heard of in the town of his fathers.

It was the evening of a market-day, and some half-dozen middle-aged farmers and dairymen were lounging round the bar of the Black Swan Hotel, occasionally dropping a remark to each other, and less frequently to the two bar-maids who stood within the pewter-topped counter in a sidelong attitude of attention, these latter sighing and making a private observation to one another, at odd intervals, on more interesting experiences than the present, at which they smiled knowingly into vacancy, apparently represented to their minds by the grizzled dairymen.

"Days get shorter," said one of these, as he looked toward the street, and noticed that the lamp-lighter was passing by.

The farmers merely acknowledged by their countenances the propriety of this remark, and finding that nobody else spoke, one of the barmaids said "yes," in a tone of painful duty.

"Come fair-day we shall have to light up before we start for home-along."

"That's true," his neighbor conceded, with a gaze of precision at a point in the air.

"And after that we sha'n't see much difference—all's winter."

The rest were not unwilling to go even so far as this.

The bar-maid sighed again, and raised one of her hands from the counter on which they rested to scratch the smallest surface of her face with the smallest of her fingers. She looked toward the door, and presently remarked, "I think I hear the 'bus coming in from station."

The eyes of the dairymen and farmers turned to the glass door dividing the hall from the porch, and in a minute or two the omnibus drew up outside. Then there was a lumbering down of luggage, and then a man came into the hall, followed by a porter with a portmanteau on his poll, which he deposited on a bench.

The stranger was an elderly person, with curly ashen-white hair, a deeply creviced outer corner to each eyelid, and a countenance baked by innumerable suns to the color of terra cotta, its hue and that of his hair contrasting like heat and cold respectively. He walked meditatively and gently, like one who was fearful of disturbing his own mental equilibrium. But whatever lay at the bottom of his breast, he had evidently grown so accustomed to its situation there that it caused him little practical inconvenience.

He paused in silence while, with his dubious eyes fixed on the bar-maids, he seemed to consider himself. In a moment or two he addressed them, and asked to be accommodated for the night. As he waited he looked curiously round the hall, but said nothing. As soon as invited, he disappeared up the staircase, preceded by a chamber-maid and candle, and followed by a lad with his trunk. Not a soul had recognized him.

A quarter of an hour later, when the farmers and dairymen had driven off to their homesteads in the country, he came down stairs, had a biscuit and one glass of wine, and walked out into the town, where the radiance from the shop windows had grown so in volume since he last saw them as to flood with cheerfulness every standing cart, barrow, stall, and idler that occupied the way-side, whether shabby or genteel. His chief interest at present seemed to lie in the names painted over the shop fronts and on doorways, as far as they were visible; these now differed to an ominous extent from what they had been one-and-twenty years before.

The traveller passed on till he came to the bookseller's, where he looked in through the glass door. A fresh-faced young man was standing behind the counter, otherwise the shop was empty. The gray-haired observer entered, asked for some periodical by way of paying for his standing, and with his elbow on the counter began to turn over the pages he had bought, though that he read nothing was obvious.

At length he said, "Is old Mr. Watkins still alive?" in a voice which had a curious youthful cadence in it even now.

"My father is dead, sir," said the young man.

"Ah, I am sorry to hear it," said the stranger. "But it is so many years since I last visited this town that I could hardly expect it should be otherwise." After a short silence he continued, "And is the firm of Barnet, Browse, & Co. still in existence?—they used to be large flax-merchants and twine-spinners here."

"The firm is still going on, sir, but they have dropped the name of Barnet. I believe that was a sort of fancy name—at least I never knew of any living Barnet. 'Tis now Browse & Co."

"And does Andrew Jones still carry on as a wine-merchant?"

"He's dead, sir."

"And the vicar of St. Mary's—Mr. Melrose?"

"He's been dead a great many years, sir."

"Dear me!" He paused yet longer, and cleared his voice. "Is Mr. Downe, the solicitor, still in practice?"

"No, sir; he's dead. He died about seven years ago."

Here it was a longer silence still; and an attentive observer would have noticed that the paper in the stranger's hand increased its imperceptible tremor to a visible shake. The gray-haired gentleman noticed it himself, and rested the paper on the counter. "Is *Mrs.* Downe still alive?" he asked, closing his lips firmly as soon as the words were out of his mouth, and dropping his eyes.

"Yes, sir, she's alive and well. She's living at the old place."

"In East Street?"

"Oh no; at Château Kingdale. I believe it has been in the family for some generations."

"She lives with her children, perhaps?"

"No; she has no children of her own. There were some Miss Downes: I think they were Mr. Downe's daughters by a former wife; but they are married, and living in other parts of the town. Mrs. Downe lives alone."

"Quite alone?"

"Yes, sir, quite alone."

The newly arrived gentleman went back to the hotel and dined; after which he made some change in his dress, shaved back his beard to the fashion that had prevailed twenty years earlier, when he was young and interesting, and once more emerging, bent his steps in the direction of the harbor road. Just before getting to the point where the pavement ceased and the houses isolated themselves, he overtook a shambling, stooping, unshaven man, who at first sight appeared like a professional tramp, his shoulders having a perceptible shine as they passed under the gas-light. Each pedestrian momentarily turned and regarded the other, and the tramp-like gentleman started back.

"Good— Why, is that Mr. Barnet? 'Tis Mr. Barnet, surely!"

"Yes; and you are Charlson?"

"Yes. Ah! you notice my appearance. The Fates have rather ill-used me. By-the-bye, that fifty pounds. I never paid it, did I? . . . But I was not ungrateful." Here the stooping man laid one hand emphatically in the palm of the other. "I gave you a chance, Mr. George Barnet, which many men would have thought full value received—the chance to marry your Lucy. As far as I was concerned, your wife was a *drowned woman*, hey?"

"Heaven forbade all that, Charlson!"

"Well, well, 'twas a wrong way of showing gratitude, I suppose. And now a drop of something to drink for old acquaintance' sake. And, Mr. Barnet, she's again free: there's a chance now, if you care for it—ha! ha!" And the speaker pushed his tongue into his hollow cheek, and slanted his eye in the old fashion.

"I know all," said Barnet, quickly; and slipping a small present into the hands of the seedy, saddening man, he stepped ahead, and was soon in the outskirts of the town.

He reached the harbor road, and paused before the entrance to a well-known house. It was so highly bosomed in trees and shrubs planted since the erection of the building that one would scarcely have recognized the spot as that which had been a mere neglected slope till chosen as a site for a dwelling. He opened the swing-gate, closed it noiselessly, and gently moved into the semicircular drive, which remained exactly as it had been marked out by Barnet on the morning when Lucy Savile ran in to thank him for procuring her the post of governess to Downe's children. But the growth of trees and bushes which revealed itself at every step was beyond all expectation; sun-proof and moon-proof bowers vaulted the walks, and the walls of the house were uniformly bearded with creeping plants as high as the first-floor windows.

After lingering for a few minutes in the dusk of the bending boughs, the visitor rang the door-bell, and on the servant appearing, he announced himself as "an old friend of Mrs. Downe's."

The hall was lighted, but not brightly, the gas being turned low, as if visitors were rare. There was a stagnation in the dwelling: it seemed to be waiting. Could it really be waiting for him? The side walls which had been probed by Barnet's walking-stick when the mortar was green, were now quite brown with the antiquity of their varnish, and the ornamental wood-work of the staircase, which had glistened with a pale yellow newness when first erected, was now of a rich wine-color. During the servant's absence the following colloquy could be dimly heard through the nearly closed door of the drawing-room:

"He didn't give his name?"

"He only said 'an old friend,' ma'am."

"What kind of gentleman is he?"

"A staidish gentleman, with gray hair."

The voice of the second speaker seemed to affect the listener greatly. After a pause, the lady said, "Very well, I will see him."

And the stranger was shown in, face to face with the Lucy who had once been Lucy Savile. The round cheek of that formerly young lady had, of course, alarmingly flattened its curve in her modern representative; a pervasive grayness overspread her once dark brown hair, like morning rime on heather. The parting down the middle was wide and jagged; once it had been a thin white line, a narrow crevice between two high banks of shade. But there was still enough left to form a handsome knob behind, and some curls beneath, inwrought with a few hairs like silver wires, were very becoming. In her eyes the only modification was that their originally mild rectitude of expression had become a little more stringent than heretofore. Yet she was still girlish—a girl who had been gratuitously weighted by destiny with a burden of five-and-forty years instead of her proper twenty.

"Lucy, don't you know me?" he said, when the servant had closed the door.

"I knew you the instant I saw you," she returned, cheerfully. "I don't know why, but I always thought you would come back to your old town again."

She gave him her hand, and then they sat down. "They said you were dead," continued Lucy, "but I never thought so. We should have heard of it for certain if you had been."

"It is a very long time since we met."

"Yes: what you must have seen, Mr. Barnet, in all these roving years, in comparison with what I have seen in this quiet place!" Her face grew more serious. "You know my husband has been dead a long time? I am a lonely old woman now, considering what I have been; though Mr. Downe's daughters—all married—manage to keep me pretty cheerful."

"And I am a lonely old man, and have been any time these twenty years."

"But where have you kept yourself? And why did you go off so mysteriously?"

"Well, Lucy, I have kept myself a little in America and a little in Australia, a little in India, a little at the Cape, and so on. I have not staid in any place for a long time, as it seems to me, and yet more than twenty years have flown. But when people get to my age two years go like one.—Your second question, why did I go away so mysteriously, is surely not necessary. You guessed why, didn't you?"

"No, I never once guessed," she said, simply; "nor did John, nor did anybody, as far as I know."

"Well, indeed! Now think it over again, and then look at me, and say if you can't guess."

She looked him in the face with a tentative smile. "Surely not because of me?" she said, pausing at the commencement of surprise.

Barnet nodded, and smiled back again; but his smile was sadder than hers.

"Because I married John?" she asked.

"Yes; solely because you married him on the day I was free to ask you to marry me. My wife died four-and-twenty hours before you went to church with Downe. The fixing of my journey at that particular moment was because of her funeral; but once away, I knew I should have no inducement to come back, and took my steps accordingly."

Her face assumed an aspect of gentle reflection, and she looked up and down his form with great interest in her eyes. "I never thought of it," she said. "I knew, of course, that you had once implied some warmth of feeling toward me, but I concluded that it passed off. And I have always been under the impression that your wife was alive at the time of my marriage. Was it not stupid of me?—But you will have some tea or something? I have never dined late, you know, since my husband's death. I have got into the way of making a regular meal of tea. You will have some tea with me, will you not?"

The travelled man assented quite readily, and tea was brought in. They sat and chatted over the meal, regardless of the flying hour. "Well, well," said Barnet, presently, as for the first time he leisurely surveyed the room; "how like it all is, and yet how different! Just where your piano stands was a board on a couple of trestles, bearing the patterns of wall-papers, when I was last here. I was choosing them—standing in this way, as it might be. Then my servant came in at the door, and handed me a note—so. It was from Downe, and announced that you were just going to be married to him. I chose no more wall-papers, tore up all those I had selected, and left the house. I never entered it again till now."

"Ah! at last I understand it all," she murmured.

They had both risen and gone to the fire-place. The mantel came almost on a level with her shoulder, which gently rested against it, and Barnet laid his hand upon the shelf close beside her shoulder. "Lucy," he said, "better late than never. Will you marry me now?"

She started back, and the surprise which was so obvious in her wrought even greater surprise in him that it should be so. It was difficult to believe that she had been quite blind to the situation, and yet all reason and common-sense went to prove that she was not acting.

"You take me quite unawares by such a question," she said, with a feverish laugh of uneasiness. It was the first time she had shown any embarrassment at all. "Why," she added, "I couldn't marry you for the world."

"Not after all this! Why not?"

"It is—I would—I really think I may say it—I would, upon the whole, rather marry you, Mr. Barnet, than any other man I have ever met, if I ever dreamed of marriage again. But I don't dream of it—it is quite out of my thoughts; I have not the least intention of marrying again."

"But—on my account—couldn't you alter your plans a little? Come!"

"Dear Mr. Barnet," she said, with a little flutter, "I would on your account, if on anybody's in existence. But you don't know in the least what it is you are asking—such an impracticable thing: I won't say ridiculous, of course, because I see that you are really in earnest, and earnestness is never ridiculous to my mind."

"Well, yes," said Barnet, more slowly, dropping her hand, which he had taken at the moment of pleading, "I am in earnest. The resolve, two months ago, at the Cape, to come back once more, was, it is true, rather sudden, and, as I see now, not well considered. But I am in earnest in asking."

"And I in declining. With all good feeling and all kindness, let me say that I am quite opposed to the idea of marrying a second time."

"Well, no harm has been done," he answered, with the same subdued and tender humorousness that he had shown on such occasions in early life. "If you really won't accept me, I must put up with it, I suppose." His eye fell on the mantel clock as he spoke. "Had you any notion that it was so late?" he asked. "How absorbed I have been!"

She accompanied him to the hall, helped him to put on his overcoat, and let him out of the house herself.

"Good-night," said Barnet, on the door-step, as the lamp shone in his face. "You are not offended with me?"

"Certainly not. Nor you with me?"

"I'll consider whether I am or not," he pleasantly replied. "Good-night."

She watched him safely through the gate; and when his footsteps had died away upon the road, closed the door softly, and returned to the room. Here the modest widow long pondered his speeches, with eyes dropped to an unusually low level. Barnet's urbanity under the blow of her refusal greatly impressed her. After having his long period of probation rendered useless by her decision, he had shown no anger, and philosophically taken her words as if he deserved no better ones. It was very gentlemanly of him, certainly; it was more than gentlemanly; it was heroic and grand. The more she meditated, the more she questioned the virtue of her conduct in checking him so peremptorily; and went to her bedroom in a mood of dissatisfaction. On looking in the glass, she was reminded that there was not so much remaining of her former beauty as to make his frank declaration an impulsive natural homage to her cheeks and eyes; it must undoubtedly have arisen from an old stanch feeling of his, deserving tenderest consideration. She recalled to her mind with much pleasure that he had told her he was staying at the Black Swan Hotel; so that if, after waiting a day or two, he should not, in his modesty, call again, she might then send him a nice little note. To alter her views for the present was far from her intention; but she would allow herself to be induced to reconsider the case, as any generous woman ought to do.

The morrow came and passed, and Mr. Barnet did not drop in. At every knock, light youthful hues flew across her cheek, and she was abstracted in the presence of her other visitors. In the evening she walked about the house, not knowing what to do with herself; the conditions of existence seemed totally different from those which ruled only four-and-twenty short hours ago. What had been at first a tantalizing elusive sentiment was getting acclimatized within her as a definite hope, and her person was so informed by that emotion that she might almost have stood as its emblematical representative by the time the clock struck ten. In short, an interest in Barnet precisely resembling that of her early youth led her present heart to belie her yesterday's words to him, and she longed to see him again.

The next day she walked out early, thinking she might meet him in the street. The growing beauty of her romance absorbed her, and she went from the street to the fields, and from the fields to the shore, without any consciousness of distance, till reminded by her weariness that she could go no further. He had nowhere appeared. In the evening she took a step which under the circumstances seemed justifiable: she wrote a note to him at the hotel, inviting him to tea with her at seven precisely, and signing her note "Lucy."

In a quarter of an hour the messenger came back. Mr. Barnet had left the hotel early in the morning of the day before, but he had stated that he would probably return in the course of the week.

The note was sent back, to be given to him immediately on his arrival.

There was no sign from the inn that this desired event had occurred either the next day or the day following. On both nights she had been restless, and had scarcely slept an hour.

On the Saturday, putting off all reserve, Lucy went herself to the Black Swan, and questioned the staff closely.

Mr. Barnet had cursorily observed on leaving that he might return on the Thursday or Friday; but they were directed not to reserve a room for him unless he should write.

He had left no address.

Lucy sorrowfully took back her note, went home, and resolved to wait.

She did wait—years and years—but Barnet never re-appeared.

THE END.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is not often that catastrophes of a similar nature and of great fatality occur in such quick succession as have the death-bearing cyclones which have lately wrought destruction in Western sections of the country. Last week we gave some details of a tornado which almost destroyed the town of Marshfield, Missouri. Only a few days after this event a scarcely less violent wind-storm struck the city of Macon, Mississippi, blowing buildings into atoms, killing twenty-two, and perhaps more, persons, and seriously injuring many others. The same cyclone evidently swept over a portion of Southern Illinois, carrying destruction all along its course. Many deaths are reported, and the loss of property is not easily estimated. These tornadoes are becoming annual events. The wind-storm at Wallingford, Connecticut, in August, 1878, is still fresh in our memories, and in June of the same year a similar disastrous storm burst upon Richmond, Missouri, killing and wounding great numbers. In June, 1877, Mount Carmel, Illinois, suffered severely in loss of lives and property from a tornado; and last year a deadly storm swept over portions of Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri. It is now believed that the prediction of these phenomena is possible, and that by scientific study and investigation, with the aid of meteorological instruments, the approach and development of these destructive agents may be foretold with much exactness.

Queen Victoria was rather loath to let Lord Beaconsfield step out of power, and to extend an even seemingly cordial greeting to Mr. Gladstone. But she set aside her private feelings, to conform to the wishes of her subjects. Mr. Gladstone's occasional oppositions to the Queen have been in regard to what he believed to be essential points of public welfare. But she can not easily overlook that opposition to her wishes.

Prince Gortchakoff, after having been apparently so near to death that he has been spoken of in some newspapers as being actually dead, is now slowly regaining his health.

Brighton, England, has suddenly changed from violent Conservatism to frantic Liberalism. And this circumstance is quoted in proof thereof: The other day a gigantic photograph of Lord Beaconsfield was exhibited in a fashionable shop window, labelled, "Reduced to *£2 12s. 6d.*; formerly four guineas."

The *Atalanta*, the English training-ship, is still missing, not having been heard from since she left Bermuda, on January 29. All search for her up to the present date has been vain. It is feared she encountered the terrible gales and high seas which prevailed about the middle of February.

A pleasant gathering was held on a recent evening at the old armory of the Seventh Regiment, where the officers were entertained by the members of the non-commissioned staff, which contains several of those who have been longest connected with the regiment. The entertainment was for the purpose of allowing the officers to bid good-by to the old armory, which for twenty years has been occupied by the regiment.

Mr. Vennor is discouraging. Under date of April 19, he writes as follows: "In response to something like two thousand inquiries, permit me to reply that my impressions of the summer weather remain the same, viz., hot spells and cold frost relapses up to midsummer. The summer will not be favorable to crops."

The German government has taken the matter of smoking seriously in hand. The practice has been carried to such excess by the youth that it is believed to have injured their constitutions, and incapacitated them for the defense of their country. In certain towns, therefore, all lads under sixteen are forbidden to smoke in the streets, on penalty of fine and imprisonment. A Belgian physician has made extensive observations and inquiries, at the request of the Belgian government, and is of the opinion that the general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness—an affection which has occasioned much anxiety in Belgium and Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, as well as from a military point of view.

A large proportion of the butter sold in our markets is artificially colored. This fact need not alarm the butter-eating public, for in general the coloring matter used is perfectly harmless. The annotto, a berry growing extensively in Brazil, has a slightly aromatic seed, which is used to impart the rich golden color to butter so much valued by customers, but which very little uncolored butter possesses. Turmeric is also used for the same purpose.

The requisites for good butter are few, but important: good cows; good feed; care and neatness in every manipulation, from the milking to the marketing; and skill in making and packing.

In recent examinations of the employés of the Pennsylvania, the New Jersey Midland, and the Lehigh Valley railroads, the results of the scientific test of color-blindness have been most interesting. The number affected with this peculiar difficulty was smaller than at first was anticipated; for example, out of 879 persons only thirty-five were found deficient in color sense, as it is technically termed. It is remarkable that in nearly every instance the defect of color-blindness was found among men who had been most faithful and vigilant in their duties; and the fact that in every case, excepting five, they were *young* men, is even more singular.

Two important musical festivals will be held in May—that of the old Boston Handel and Haydn Society, from May 4 to May 9, inclusive; and the Cincinnati festival, directed by Theodore Thomas, which begins May 18, and closes May 21.

Cats certainly deserve to be shot when they make night hideous with their yells; but attempts to shoot them are useless, and—as was recently proved in Brooklyn—worse than useless. It is useless, because the cat which is made a target invariably disappears uninjured, and turns up the next night, more musical than ever. It is worse than useless, because reckless marksmen are likely to shoot somebody besides a cat. A young man in Brooklyn tried to shoot a cat the other Sunday, but he shot a young lady who lived in the house directly opposite to him. Fortunately the wound, though severe, was not dangerous.

At Melbourne, Australia, the question of the exportation of frozen meat is occupying public attention. An official statement shows that there are 6,000,000 sheep and 3,000,000 cattle in Queensland; and this number, deducting what is needed for home consumption, admits of a weekly exportation of 2000 tons of meat. Refrigerator-works are to be immediately erected, and arrangements made for obtaining the necessary vessels for shipping.

According to a Russian journal, Count Melikoff took an ingenious way of informing the Czar that an attack had been made upon his own life, so as to avoid alarming his Majesty. As soon as the would-be assassin had been lodged in prison, the dictator went to the Winter Palace and asked an interview with his sovereign. As he had but recently had a long conference with him, the Emperor inquired, with some surprise, "Well, Melikoff, what fresh tidings dost thou bring to me?"

"I am come, sire, to accuse myself of a misdeed, and at the same time to solicit your Majesty's pardon."

"What has happened?"

"I have committed a highly blamable action. In a word, I have boxed a man's ears in the public street."

"Is that, then, so grave an offense?"

"That depends, sire, to a certain extent, upon how your Majesty may please to take it. The only excuse I have to offer is that the man had fired at me, which circumstance it is also my duty to report to your Majesty."

A case is mentioned in a foreign journal which will interest all those who have suffered from that exceedingly painful disease, facial neuralgia: A patient who for several years had endured intense neuralgia in the face came under the care of Professor Peters, of Paris, who put him under a treatment of six grains of bromide of potassium, the dose repeated thrice daily for the first month, four grains thrice daily in the second month, and two grains thrice daily in the third month, the result as reported being in the highest degree satisfactory.

Vienna has been quite excited by the revelation of a defalcation in the great banking concern of the Rothschilds. The criminal was a man who had been a trusted employé for about sixteen years, and for six years had been cashier of the stock and bond department of the bank. He was quiet and industrious, and no suspicion of him had been excited. Not long ago he voluntarily confessed to the principal attorney of the Rothschilds that for several years he had been speculating on the Bourse with funds obtained by hypothecating the securities in his hands, covering his operations by false entries in the books of the bank. Heavy losses made it impossible for him longer to conceal his guilt, and so he made his confession. He supposed he had a knowledge of all the operations of the bank, but found he knew only of the transactions of one branch of the great firm, which has its agencies in all parts of the commercial world.

While the patriotic citizens of Nashville are celebrating the coming of age of their city, hewn out of the primeval forests of Tennessee by the pioneer's axe of 1780, an effort is being made by the Episcopal Church in the State to honor the memory of James Hervey Otey, the first Bishop of Tennessee. To this earnest man is due the origin of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee—an institution which, starting out with the brightest prospects, was almost eclipsed by the cloud of civil war, but has now been revived, owing mainly to the exertions of the present bishop, and takes its place among the foremost educational institutions in the South. The proposed memorial is to take the form of an endowment of a chair in the university, to be called the Otey Professorship, and certainly no more fitting tribute could be paid to the memory of the good bishop than this permanent association of his name with the institution whose establishment and welfare were the cherished objects of the later years of his life. A committee of ladies has taken the matter in hand, with Mrs. J. P. Drouillard, of Nashville, as State president, and it seems certain that the friends of the higher education in the South, as well as those who reverence the memory of Bishop Otey, will see that the work is carried to a satisfactory conclusion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Bridgeport attorney recently took strong exception to a ruling of the Court that certain evidence was inadmissible. "I know, your honor," said he, warmly, "that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool." "That," quietly replied the Court, "is a question of fact, and not of law, and so I shall not pass upon it, but let the jury decide."

When his cousin, Charlotte Dunne, was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was being done, and not Dunne when it was done."

Emmie was sent to the grocer's for a pound of mild cheese. In a few minutes she returned, crying as if her heart would break. "What is the matter, my dear?" asked her mother, somewhat alarmed. "I don't care—they were real mean," she answered. "Who?" "Why, all of them; they just laughed at me—the clerks and everybody." "Laughed at you, my child; why, what did you ask for?" "I asked for a pound of *calm* cheese," she said, between her sobs. The fact was that Emmie had learned that day at school that "mild" meant "calm," and the first chance she got she used the new word.

When it blows in Illinois it blows hard. A man sitting in his house at Shipman, eating a pie, heard the storm coming, and ran to the door. The gale first blew the house down, and then seized the man, carried him through the air a hundred yards or so, and landed him in a peach-tree. Soon afterward a friendly board from his own house came floating by. This he seized, and placed over his head to protect himself from the raging blast. Under this shelter he finished his pie. The above is related as a veritable occurrence.

An old lady recently visiting a prison asked one of the attendants why the prisoners received such coarse food. He told her it was to keep their blood from becoming impure. And when asked what they would do if their blood was impure, he dryly responded, "Break out."

A school-teacher who had just been telling the story of David, ended with, "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub, its blue eyes opening wide with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh dear, marm, what a memory you have got!"

"Is your wife's name Margaret?" asked the hired man. "No," said the farmer; "Margy's short for oleomargarine, and I calls her that 'cause I don't love any but her."

"Now this is what I call business," remarked a Brooklyn undertaker, as an unfortunate gentleman stepped into his store and died.

Wife (*on the river-bank*). "Goodness! the ice has broken up, and there goes William Henry, without one cent of insurance to cover his loss!"

The hired girl who was called up at four o'clock in the morning thinks arose two hours later would sound quite as sweet.

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* thus relates a tale of woe: "The young lady came and tried to sell me a manuscript story. 'My teacher likes it,' she said, when I repeated our usual formula of no space, no money, no time, and no anything, to her. 'Teacher an editor?' I inquired, mildly. 'No, indeed,' was the answer; 'she's a person of refinement and education.'"

A Michigan Congressman told a friend that he was filled with amazement; and the friend went down to the bar and called for amazement.

Mistress (*to new arrival, who had been sent to put a letter into the lamp-post box*). "Why, Bridget, where have you been all this time?"

Bridget. "Where have I been, ma'am? Shure I've been with the letther, ma'am."

Mistress. "I know that; but what kept you so long, and why didn't you put the letter into the box as I told you?"

Bridget (*with desperate emphasis*). "Why didn't I! shure enough! Didn't I go to ivery wan o' thim, and the doors was all locked, ma'am. I'm kilt intirely wid thravellin' round the shtreets all day, so I am."

THE PRESERVATION OF NIAGARA FALLS.

The story runs that a clear-headed Yankee once stood on the shores of this magnificent cataract and remarked, "A capital place for washing sheep!" Artists and poets and dilettant admirers of beauty in all shapes have shuddered at the awful profanity of the expression; but our practical Yankee friend had in his mind the grim necessity of earning a living, and he liked to see a place that offered advantages for the performance of a necessary operation. Fortunately for us—and we suspect it is owing just to the practical insight and industry of such honest fellows as the one in question—our nation is, within a hundred years of its birth, rich enough and peaceful enough to cultivate its art instincts, to protect its glories of natural scenery from desecration, and to emulate that reverence for beauty in all its phases which characterizes the Old World. Sheep had to be washed and sheared, potatoes grown, and logs rolled by many a horny-fisted, unimaginative son of toil, or we never should have been rich enough to dispossess the settlers in the Yosemite Valley, capture the Yellowstone Geysers, and take possession of the islands of Lake George, in order to preserve them forever as glorious abodes of beauty for the refreshment and recreation of mankind.

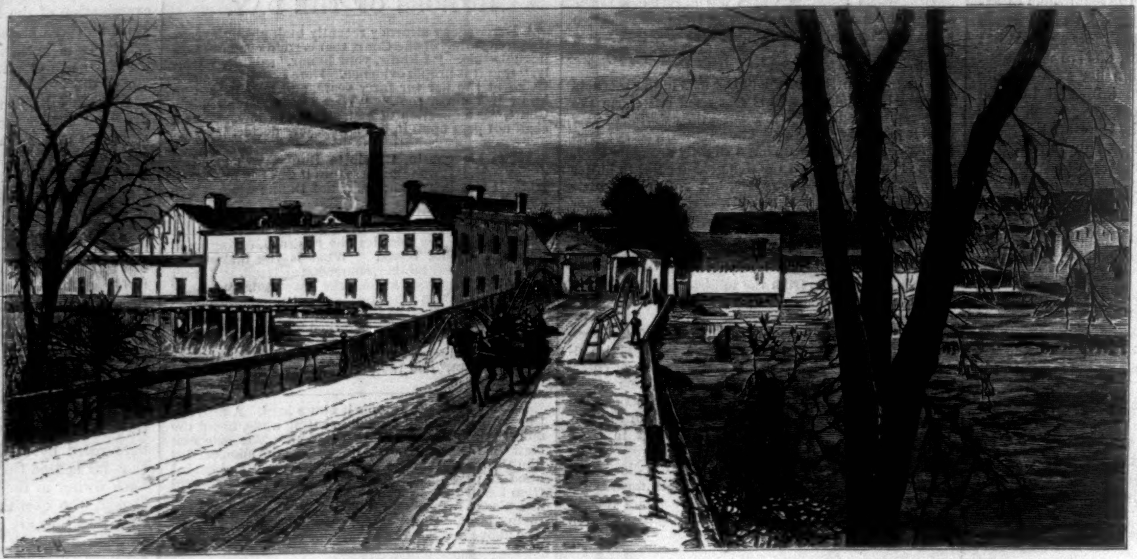
The project of rescuing Niagara Falls from the careless depredations and factory-building activity of the neighboring population first took shape in the Legislature of New York in 1879. In his Message of January 9, of that year, Governor Robinson, who had been in communication with Lord Dufferin, of Canada, in regard to the matter, proposed that a sort of international park should be established, inclosing a suitable space on each side of the river, from which all the annoyances and vexations referred to should be excluded. Contemplating no attempt at landscape ornamenting in the vain hope of adding anything to the natural attractions of the Falls, he thought that each government might obtain control of a sufficient area to be kept sacred to the free use of those who, coming there from all parts of the world, desire to view the grand scenery without molestation. Acting upon the Governor's suggestion, the Legislature directed the Commissioners of the State Survey to inquire and report what measures it might be expedient to adopt; and these, in their turn, instructed Mr. James T. Gardner, Director of the State Survey, to make an examination of the Falls and their surroundings. With him was associated Mr. Frederick L. Olmsted. It is needless to say that the report of these gentlemen put forth every argument in favor of the project.

Niagara falls, in the language of Mr. Gardner, are "not simply the crowning glory of the great resources of the State of this class, but the highest distinction of the nation and the continent." Four principal elements combine to make the attractions of the great cataract what they are: the rapids, the picturesque islands around which they rush, the falls themselves, and the deep chasm below. A mile above the falls the river is spread out broad and calm and placid as a lake. At the upper end of Goat Island the smooth surface breaks suddenly into fierce rapids, whose wild, white-crested waves, hurrying with ceaseless roar to the inevitable brink, are almost as impressive as the falls themselves. In the midst of this scene of turmoil and irresistible rush of waters stands Goat Island, with fifteen smaller islands and islets about it. Most fortunately the rage for "improvement" which has worked the results deprecated by all lovers of natural scenery has thus far spared Goat Island. This, however, has been owing to the determination of the Porter family, who own the island. Now it would appear that they are about to lose possession of it through a lawsuit. Already there are a dozen schemes afloat which, in the mind of all persons of taste and cultivation, must result in the destruction of its most interesting features. By some it has been proposed to cut down the trees and make a race-course of it; others think it a favorable site for a great summer hotel; others, again, wish to construct a rifle range upon it; while a yet more practical party suggest cutting a canal down the centre of the island, and building a row of factories along the front between the American and Canadian falls.

The fate thus prepared for Goat Island has more than fallen upon the opposite shores. The American shore is occupied by a village, and the land bordering the village has been divided into house lots. There is no American soil remaining from which the falls can be contemplated, except at the pleasure of a private owner, and under such conditions as he might impose, and none upon which the most outrageous caprices of taste may not be indulged, or the most offensive objects forced upon the landscape. Years ago one of the loveliest features of the river was a little island with rocky shores overhung with foliage, in the dark shadows of which the waters whirled and sparkled as nowhere else. In an evil hour it entered into some man's mind to start a paper mill there—small at first, but extending year by year, until, in place of graceful woods, the ground is covered with unsightly sheds and buildings, and the rapids above are disfigured with wing dams and ice barriers, the whole group forming a shocking contrast to the natural scenery.

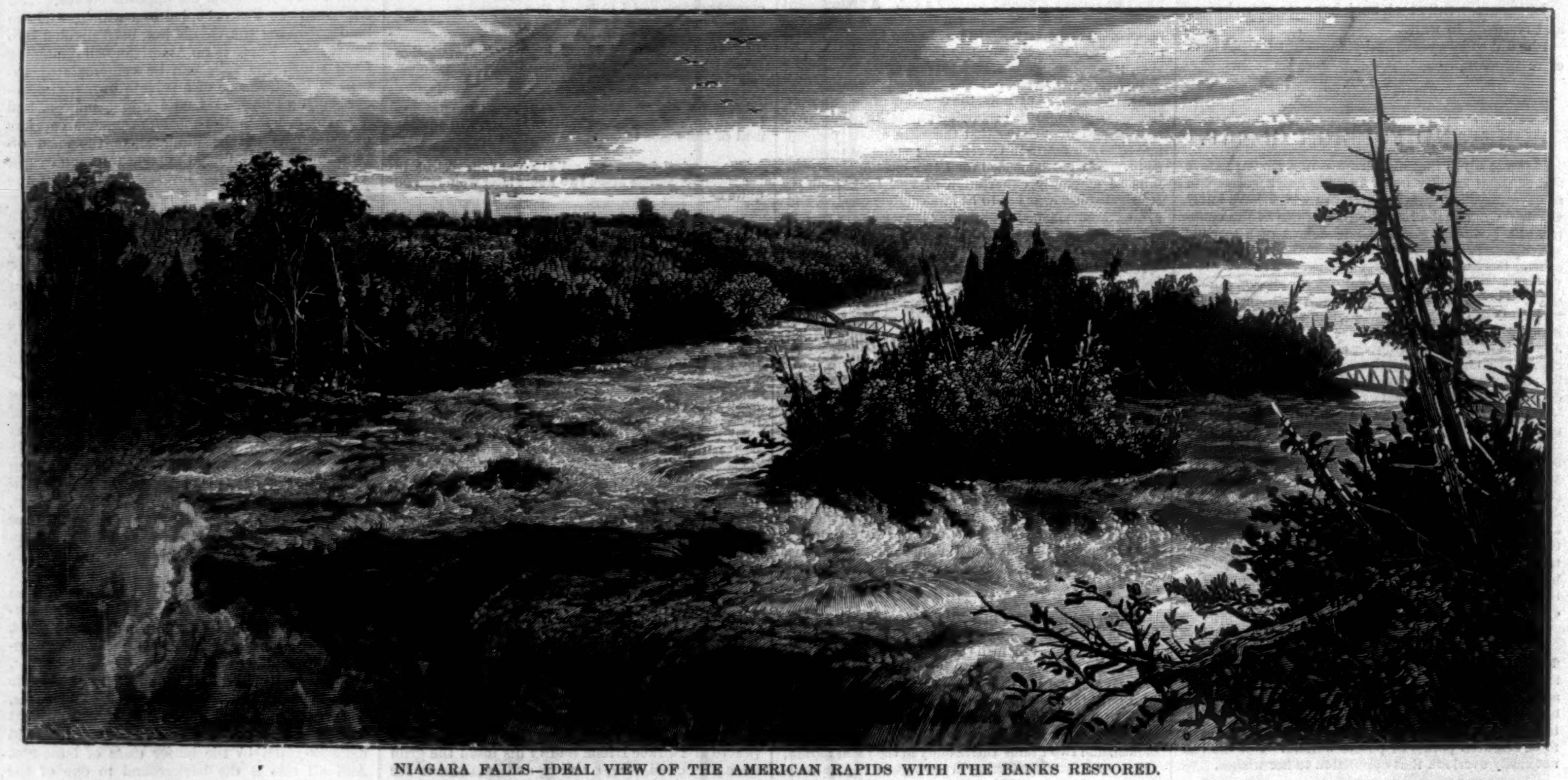
This paper mill is, however, only one among the many abominations which mar the beauty of the American rapids. Their eastern bank was once rich in verdure, and overhung with stately trees. In place of the pebbly shore, the graceful ferns, and trailing vines of former days, one now sees a blank stone wall with sewer-like openings, through which tail-races discharge. Some timber crib-work bears, in capitals a foot high, the inscription, "Parker's Hair Balsam"; then further up stream are some more walls and wing dams. Overlooking this disfigured river-brink stands an unsightly row of buildings in all stages of preservation and decay. There are small hotels, mills, carpenter shops, stables, bazars, ice-houses, laundries with clothes hanging out to dry, bath-houses, large, glaring white hotels, and an indescribable assortment of miscellaneous rookeries, fences, and patent-medicine signs, which add an element of ruin and confusion to the impression of solid ugliness given by the better class of buildings. And all this is the background to one of the grandest spectacles in the world—the rapids of a mighty torrent writhing and foaming in the fury of its downward rush.

A hundred years ago the land along Niagara River belonged to the State, and the error made in parting with it is one that can never be fully repaired. Much of the harm done is of course irretrievable; but there can be no doubt that a great deal is yet possible in the way of restoring the lost attractions, and that at a reasonable expense. The remedy is of the same class with that which it is the policy and custom of all civilized communities to adopt whenever private ownership of land stands in the way of general interests, as when public highways or canals are carried through farms and buildings, or when private ferries are supplanted by free public bridges. To give satisfactory access to the Falls of Niagara, and preserve their value, the extent of land required to be withdrawn from private ownership is fortunately small. The area which Messrs. Gardner and Olmsted find necessary to be taken for these purposes includes, besides the islands above the falls, a strip of the river-bank on the mainland commencing at the head of the rapids, and running along the shore to the upper suspension-bridge. The breadth of this strip is mainly determined by the crest of a natural terrace, generally about a hundred feet distant from the water's edge, but so much wider in the immediate vicinity of the falls that at the point of greatest interest a spacious area would be obtained for the accommodation of visitors, and incongruous objects would be more effectually kept out of sight. It is designed that the buildings now standing upon this strip of land shall be removed, and that the immediate bank of the river shall be formed so as to have a natural aspect, with such slopes, and so protected by rough loosely piled local rock, as to be guarded against surges of floating ice and logs. Trees and bushes are proposed to be planted of such kinds and in such dispositions as are natural to the locality. Carried back to the boundary on the crest of the terrace, this planting would obscure the buildings of the village, and secure their landscape disconnection with the river.

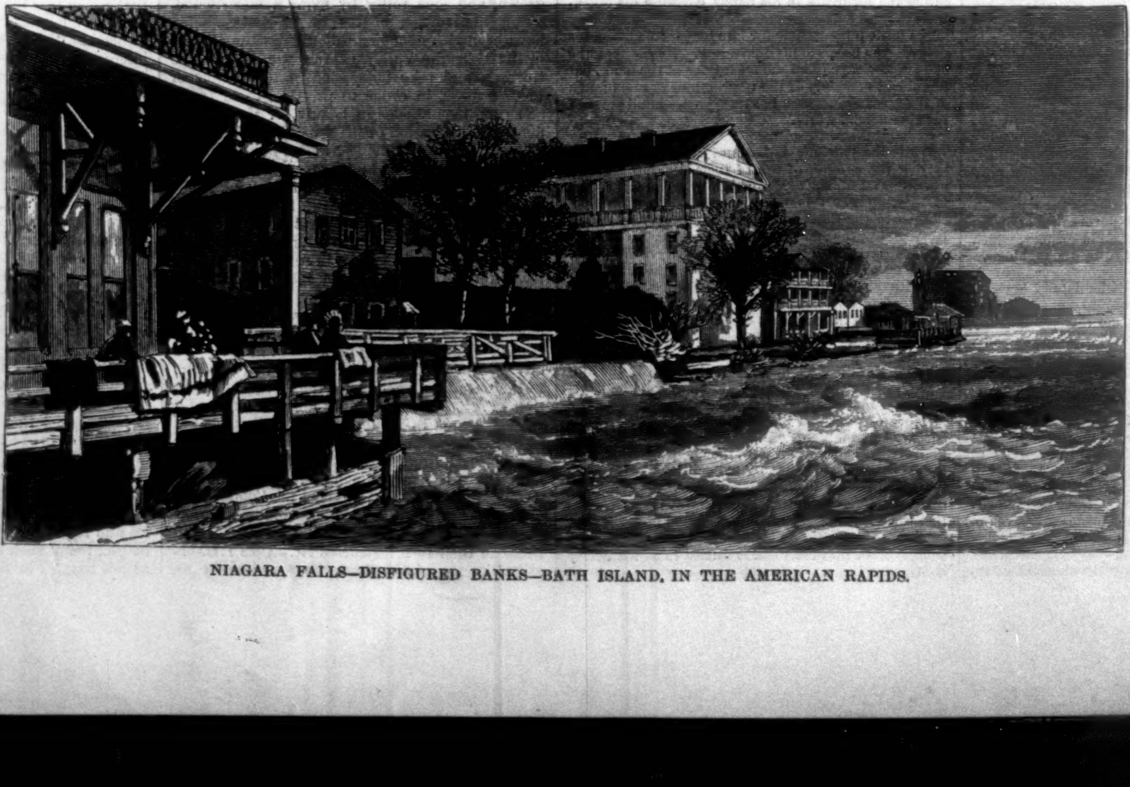


NIAGARA FALLS—DISFIGURED BANKS—VILLAGE SHORE.

The removal and exclusion from the proposed State ground of everything interfering with the natural scenery of Niagara will fortunately injure no general interest. Since the building of the paper mill to which reference has been made a channel has been formed by means of which a great volume of water is diverted from the stream above the rapids, and carried through the village to the table-land overlooking the chasm below the falls, where the power can be applied to the greatest mechanical advantage. It is already in extensive use, and it is admitted by the proprietors of the paper mill that the situation would be even more favorable for their purposes than that they now occupy, or than any other upon the ground of which it is proposed that the State should take possession. This would be equally true as to any considerable industrial undertaking. The provision thus secured can be enlarged, should this ever become necessary, to any desired extent, and the water-power of the falls more economically utilized than if their immediate banks were to be occupied by factories. After a careful study of the ground, Messrs. **GARDNER** and **OLMSTED** are of the opinion that from the suspension-bridge to the head of the rapids the east side of Canal Street should be the boundary of the State reservation, and that any narrower belt along this part of the river will not answer the desired purposes. The number of acres to be purchased would be about seventy-seven. Prospect Park and the lots east of it would be included. River Street runs along the water's edge. By the removal of seven good buildings and ten of little value the river front of Niagara village may be cleared, from Fort Day to Upper Suspension-Bridge, giving a belt of public land a mile long, and widening from a hundred feet at the head of the rapids to eight hundred feet broad at the falls, where the most room is needed for visitors. The control of the street should be assumed by the State, and it should be planted and protected in connection with the lands opposite the rapids. To realize the total change that the carrying out of this scheme would make in the aspects of Niagara, those who are not familiar with the scene have only to compare the accompanying engraving of the village shore with the picture of the same ground as it will appear when restored according to this plan. It is also further recommended by the Commissioners that the State acquire a right to the débris slope under the cliff from the American Falls to the railroad suspension-bridge, for the purpose of preserving and restoring the woods that border this part of the river, and also a right to plant and maintain a narrow belt of trees with a walk at least a mile in length along the edge of the cliff below the suspension-bridge.



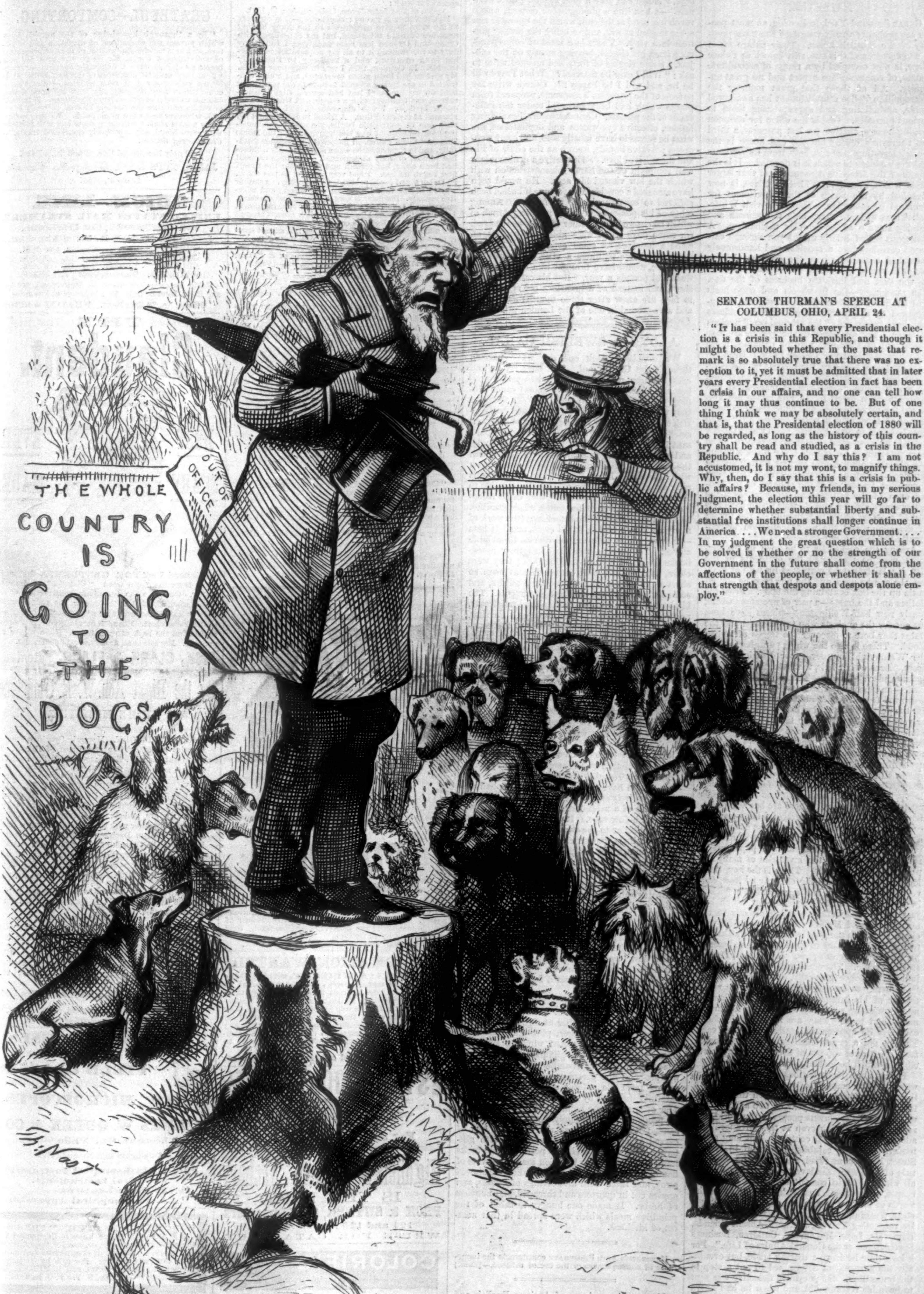
NIAGARA FALLS—IDEAL VIEW OF THE AMERICAN RAPIDS WITH THE BANKS RESTORED.



NIAGARA FALLS—DISFIGURED BANKS—BATH ISLAND, IN THE AMERICAN RAPIDS.

A noticeable feature of the report of Messrs. **GARDNER** and **OLMSTED** is the little importance they attach to the pestering demands and solicitations, the petty exactions and impositions, to which newspaper writers and others are always calling attention, and to which they ascribe the fact that visitors generally remain so short a time at Niagara. The Commissioners find that wherever scenery of great general celebrity attracts strangers in large numbers a similar inconvenience is felt, and that it is surprising that the people of this rich corner of the prosperous State of New York and the thrifty Province of Ontario should either be moved in extraordinary numbers to adopt such courses of life, or to exhibit a degree of rapacity elsewhere unknown. In their opinion, the limited sojourn of most people at Niagara arises from the fact that its array of beauties is so remarkably concentrated and circumscribed. The difference in the demand upon the attention of such a passage of scenery and that required by scenery of mountain grandeur is plain. In the latter the elements of beauty are much diffused, are to be enjoyed on all sides and in great distances, and, because of this pervading quality of its beauty, such scenery is not as much to be put out of countenance by the intrusion on the attention of incongruous objects or of impertinent palaver. Much pleasure may be taken in it while the observer is in rapid motion, and even incidentally to other occupations; and a like comparison will hold as to the enjoyment of regions simply picturesque or those of more tranquil beauty. The courses into which visitors are now generally drawn at Niagara, the facilities of conveyance offered them, and all the arrangements ostensibly designed for their aid, and for which they are constantly called upon to pay, are sufficiently well adapted to the bare satisfaction of curiosity in the water-fall as the largest in the world, and in those wonders of it which can be adequately set forth in words. Were nothing more desirable, the interruptions with which the visitor is now annoyed would be of little consequence. The value of Niagara to the world, and that which has obtained for it the homage of so many men whom the world reveres, lies in its power of appeal to the higher emotional and imaginative faculties, and this power is drawn from qualities and conditions too subtle to be known through verbal description. To a proper apprehension of these something more is necessary than passing observation; to an enjoyment of them, something more than an instantaneous act of will. It is, then, conceivable that whatever occurs to prevent or interrupt a composed, receptive, and contemplative frame of mind is at Niagara a source of deeper irritation, offense, and dissatisfaction than it can be elsewhere.

Upon this the Commissioners base their strong appeal for the purchase and restoration, so far as is possible, of the immediate grounds about the falls. That the project is one which merits the support of the people of this State, and that it has the sympathy of the very best and most cultivated minds, are shown by the memorial recently addressed to Governor **CORNELL**, and signed by such men as **LONGFELLOW**, **RUSKIN**, **BIERSTADT**, Vice-President **WHEELER**, and hosts of others. A similar memorial has been addressed to the Governor-General of Canada, and it is known that the enterprise is favorably regarded by the Dominion. Without doubt the time is not far distant when the scheme will take practical shape, and the waters of the great cataract, rescued from all incongruous surroundings, rush on in their turbulent course through scenes as nearly as possible resembling those originally planned by Nature.


THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS GOING TO THE DOGS
OUT OF OFFICE
Th. Nast

SENATOR THURMAN'S SPEECH AT COLUMBUS, OHIO, APRIL 24.

"IT has been said that every Presidential election is a crisis in this Republic, and though it might be doubted whether in the past that remark is so absolutely true that there was no exception to it, yet it must be admitted that in later years every Presidential election in fact has been a crisis in our affairs, and no one can tell how long it may thus continue to be. But of one thing I think we may be absolutely certain, and that is, that the Presidental election of 1880 will be regarded, as long as the history of this country shall be read and studied, as a crisis in the Republic. And why do I say this? I am not accustomed, it is not my wont, to magnify things. Why, then, do I say that this is a crisis in public affairs? Because, my friends, in my serious judgment, the election this year will go far to determine whether substantial liberty and substantial free institutions shall longer continue in America. . . . We need a stronger Government. . . . In my judgment the great question which is to be solved is whether or no the strength of our Government in the future shall come from the affections of the people, or whether it shall be that strength that despots and despots alone employ."

OUR REPUBLIC IS ALWAYS "GOING TO THE DOGS"—ACCORDING TO THOSE WHO CAN NOT RUN IT.

A PEEP INTO THE BLACK MUSEUM.

Great Scotland Yard, in London, as most people are probably aware, was once the town property of the Scottish kings. Their palace stood in one corner, and this site, still known as Palace Place, is now occupied by a range of second-rate houses, of commonplace aspect and no great antiquity. All of these that great monster the Metropolitan Police establishment has swallowed whole, assimilating and appropriating them to various purposes. One is the office for common lodging-houses, another for lost property, a third the surveyor's office; but the end house is the most interesting, perhaps, both from its contents and the business to which it is devoted. It is the annex of the detective department, of that larger office which, seated in Whitehall Place, is now dignified by the name of the Department for Criminal Investigation. Those who visit Whitehall Place will see there only the smooth and shining surface of the complex mechanism. A courteous police orderly ushers you through carpeted corridors into a spacious and handsomely furnished chamber, where the director alone—but with one or two clerks within call—disposes of the vast and intricate business of the day. The machinery—the fly-wheels and cog-wheels and bands—is all behind the scenes, and is represented by the four hundred detective officers who have grown out of the original small nucleus of seven. The dry bones of the system are also buried out of sight, but may be exhumed if we enter the catacombs of Palace Place. Here are kept the police registers, the records of that elaborate but well-organized system of registration by which police supervision is maintained and detection often insured. In this house are also stored the miscellaneous and heterogeneous property of all those who, in police phrase, are "doing time"—of all, in plain English, upon whom the law has laid its hands and committed to prison. And here, yet again, in the garrets, is the Black Museum—a chamber of authentic horrors, containing the murderous weapons with which crimes have been committed, fragments of the apparel, of the bodies even, of the victims, and amongst them the instruments, articles, and chattels which have furnished the first clews in following up the thread of detection; and the whole collection is constantly receiving new additions.

Among the curiosities to be seen in the museum may be mentioned the garments of the Rev. Mr. Watson, who murdered his wife at Brixton, the axe he used, and the new rope he bought to tie up the box containing the body. From the clothes and the boots—a pair of uncompromising nearly new half-Wellingtons—pieces have been cut out for the analysts who tested them and the stains they bore to discover the traces of human blood. There is also the whole paraphernalia of the Wainwright murder—poor Harriet Lane's dress, pieces of her hair, the hatchets, the spade, and the piece of cloth. There is the butcher's knife—an especially lethal weapon—which Coppin borrowed from a respectable tradesman opposite for the purpose of stabbing his wife. The butcher very naturally refused to take back the knife after the hideous deed was done. His customers could not or would not believe this, and the poor man altogether lost his trade. There are bludgeons of lead; knobkerries of home manufacture; razors still incrusted with gore; pistols of every shape, size, and make, some old-fashioned duelling pistols, others neat revolvers of the best modern workmanship. There are bundles of letters connected with the disgraceful baby-farming cases for which Margaret Waters was executed—a correspondence which, written as it is upon superfine crested and monogrammed paper, might reveal to its readers the mysteries of many unpleasant social scandals. There is the key which Mullins, who murdered the old lady at Bow, conveyed surreptitiously into a gentleman's pocket, in order to shift the suspicion, but which had just the opposite effect, and led directly to the identification of Mullins; here is, too, the very check for which the poor woman, who was known to receive her money in such large installments, became the murderer's prey. Here are all Peace's stock in trade. The curator of the museum, and indeed the police generally, speak civilly of the "old man," as he was called, because he was a master of his infamous art. How neat-handed and careful he was may be seen by his implements and tools. They are all nicely finished; each has its appropriate leather or metal case. That he did a great business may be estimated from the size of the pot of fire-proof clay or crucible in which he melted down his spoil.

Perhaps the most curious of all the devices which rogues employ to outwit and prey upon their sillier fellows are those which the fortune-tellers employed only a year or two ago. There will always be credulous people in the world, and fools do not diminish even at this advanced decade of the nineteenth century. Not long ago a modern magician established himself in Homer Street, Marylebone Road, and under the sonorous title of Professor Zindavesta gave interviews to all who wished to consult him. He cast horoscopes, and calculated nativities, and, to quote the words of his own advertisement, answered, "in a clear, truthful, and interesting manner, all inquiries respecting Travels, Journeys, Absent Friends, Removals, Love, Matrimony, Children, Business Speculations, or the General Affairs of Life." For a long time he drove a roaring trade, but eventually the government determined to put a stop to the imposition. Some cynical detective was sent to have his fortune told, and when he had heard it he ungratefully took possession of the magician, with all his stock in trade. The whole of these properties are now in the museum. There is the black gown and the long wig, the white wand, the richly bound book with parchment leaves, each, with its printed headings, covered with astrological hieroglyphics. There is the magic mirror, "in which," as the advertisement says, "ladies can take a look at their future partners"—a box like a photographic camera, with a revolving band at the end, which the operator can set in motion at will, and so bring the proper portrait into view. There is a mass of correspondence from his clients, bearing mostly on the subject. Some virgins of forty and upward write to ask: "Will I ever be married? What Trayd will he be, and will I be happy?" Others write for parcels of the professor's nostrums, prepared from plants which had been gathered under the influences of the planets. Corn-destroyers, beautifying lotions, effective eye-waters and depilatories, are what he seems to have mostly sold, and some wondrous effective liquids, known as the elixir of life and the spirit of love. So inventive a genius might well complain of the harsh misconstruction with which the law viewed his acts. He would soon have amassed a considerable fortune if he had been suffered to continue in his profession. Among other of his possessions is his private journal, in which he entered the number of visits he received. On some days there were ninety to consult, on some a hundred, on some even more. This, at the rate of five shillings a visit, which was his usual fee, would have brought him in about five thousand pounds a year. But his career was cut short, and instead of a luxurious old age, he had to face life anew after three months as a rogue and a vagabond in one of the London prisons.

ALONG A SWEDISH CANAL.

We dined on deck one day while passing through the Göta Canal. The boat lay to, and little children, many of them clad in yellow (yellow and blue are the Swedish colors) came running up with flowers to sell—later in the year they would bring wood strawberries and bowls of rich cream; now they had great bunches of sweet-smelling lilacs, and daffodils and snow-balls—pleasant homely flowers. They sold what they could, and pelted us, half in anger, half in sport, with the rest, until the benches and deck were strewn with blossoms. It was Sunday, and tinkling bells rang out of the woods, summoning the peasants to the rustic church. Peacefully they came trooping along by the side of the water, whole families. The men wore stout ribbed stockings (the work of many a winter's night), duffel coats, and felt hats—they were gray all over, and carried formidable staves. The women and girls had their hymn-books folded in white handkerchiefs; they were clean, homely folk, with cotton dresses worn so short as to display their substantial ankles, and some had silver clasps and rude ornaments. The big boys were clad in mustard-colored waistcoats, and bore large posies in their breasts. Passing, as we were, through the very heart of the country, it was disappointing to see so little costume.

We crossed some small lakes in the afternoon. There was a long delay, and the captain advised us to walk to a good-sized town called Söderköping, rather a gay place for Sweden, on account of its mineral springs. Our way lay for nearly a mile through pleasant meadows dotted with fruit trees. There were three churches in the distance, with high tiled roofs and lofty spires. We made our way to that which loomed out the largest. The spire was fine, although, alas! it was of iron, as were also the memorials in the churchyard. The church was venerable and gray, with a handsomely rounded east end.

We should have paid it more attention had we not been entirely engrossed with the extraordinary appearance of a neighboring erection, such as we had never before seen. It was one of the wooden belfries peculiar to the country. The bells were hung in a little wooden chamber (it appeared to be little on account of the height at which it was placed), with a pointed roof, which was perched up between the forks of four immense beams, the bevelled stems of lofty firs. They crossed one another two and two, and were supported by smaller beams of the same sort. This great skeleton was worked all over—roughly but effectively carved in a variety of patterns, among which we recognized the serpent-twist, or Runic knot. The whole was painted black, and varnished. It quite looked down upon the steep roof of the church. When the winter's moon was half risen, what a strange weird shadow must it have thrown upon the snow-clad ground!

There was something very simple and pleasant in the aspect of the town. The broad streets which crossed one another at right angles were lined by wooden cottages, pink and buff and green. Low diamond-paned windows stretched across them, but not a glimpse was to be obtained of the interior chamber, for the inside sill was set with fine geraniums and balsams which sprang from the reddest of pots, and was also carefully shrouded by netted curtains. The back door of one of these homely abodes was ajar, and we peeped into a delicately clean kitchen with a sanded floor; there were rich polished bits of carved furniture, and wooden shelves with glittering brass vessels and blue pottery, while racks hung from the ceiling in which long even rows of flat brown loaves and warped oat-cake were stowed away, and there were also strings of onions, and apples cut in quarters and threaded, and bunches of herbs. It made one hungry to think of the primitive meals which were spread in that neatest of kitchens.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate counteracts the immediate ill consequences of the use of tobacco.—[*Com.*]

Many curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by Howard & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

The Publisher of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* gives, in that paper, the following unsolicited testimonial, which speaks for itself:

Office of *The Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, *Jan.* 10, 1880.

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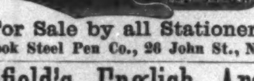

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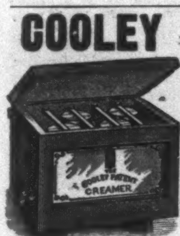

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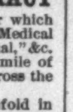

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